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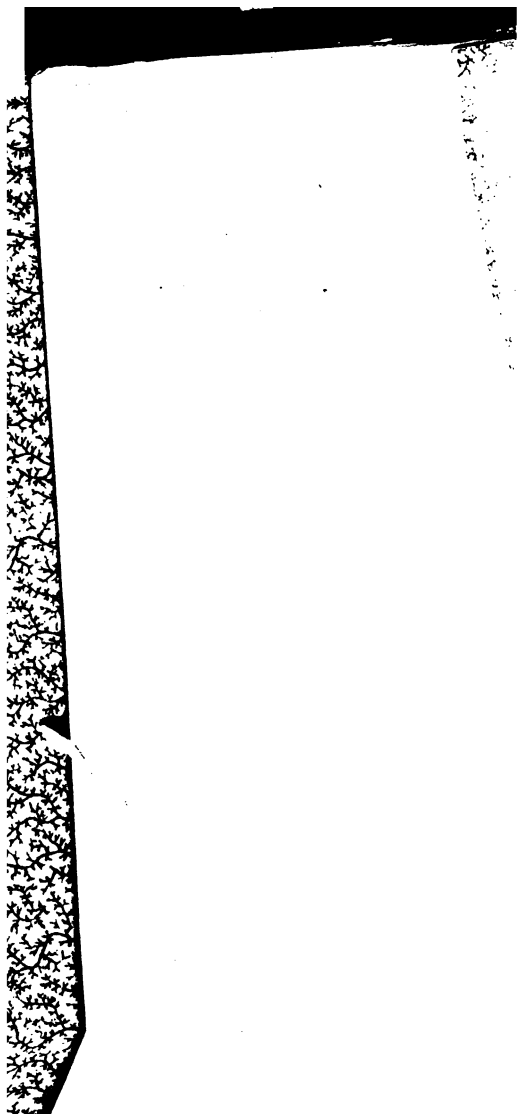


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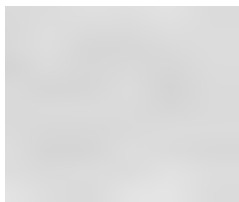
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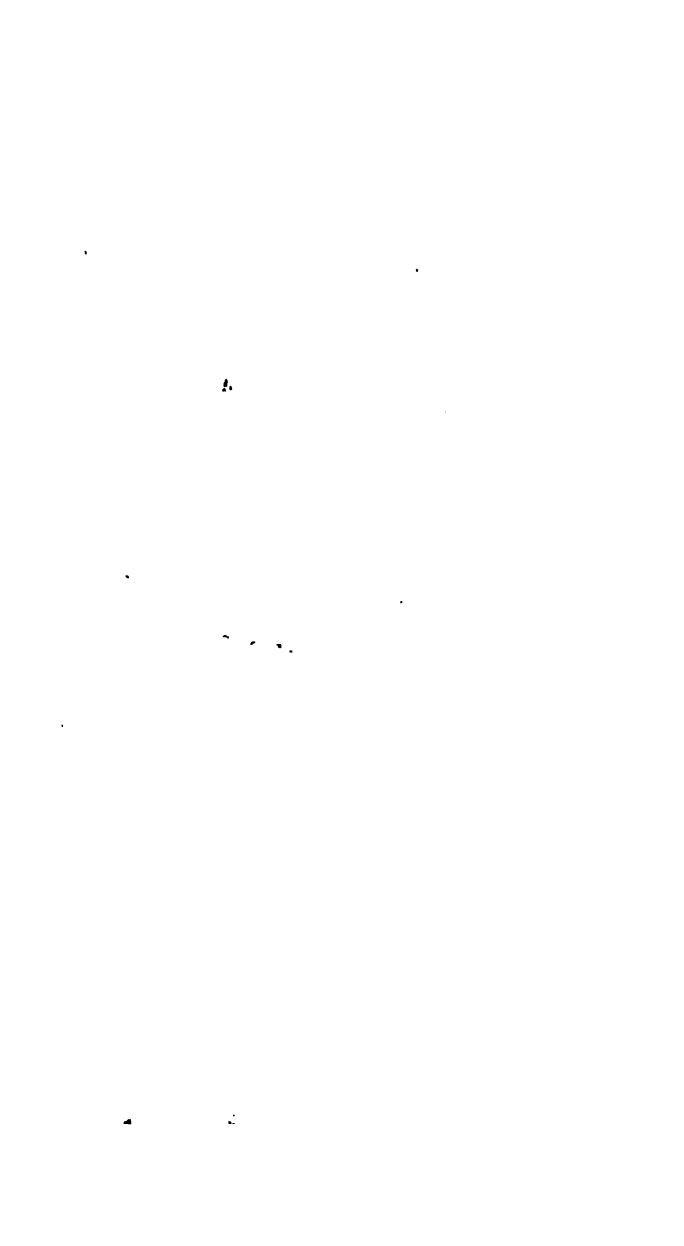


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THE  
*REJECTED*  
**ADDRESSES.**

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*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-August, in the forty-sixth year of the independent United States of America, Nathaniel Smith, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a certain work, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the following words, to wit :

" The Rejected Addresses, presented for the Fugate offered for the best address, on the opening of the Theatre in the City of New-York.

Gaudesne carminibus ? carmina possumus,  
Donare et precium dicere muneris."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled " An Act for the encouragement of the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, and the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned ; " And also to an Act, entitled " An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES D. SMITH,  
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.



## INTRODUCTION.

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IN the night of the 25th of May, 1820, the New-York Park Theatre was destroyed by fire. The proprietors resolved to rebuild it; and while the work was proceeding, the managers, Messrs. Price & Simpson, published an advertisement, offering the freedom of the theatre to the author of the best poetic address, consisting of not more than sixty, and not less than fifty lines, to be pronounced on the opening of the theatre; and in case the author should be a non resident, a gold medal of the value of fifty dollars was to be awarded. The merits of the respective pieces were to be scanned, and the prize awarded by a committee of literary gentlemen, to be chosen by the managers for that purpose. In the course of a few weeks, about sixty communications were received from different parts of the United States; and the committee therefrom selected the address which precedes the others in the present volume, and then ascertained that the prize was won by Mr. *Charles Sprague*, of Boston.

On the opening of the theatre, on the first of September, this address was spoken by Mr. Simpson, and was received with much applause. It is a chaste and well written production, and we are bound to believe that the palm of excellence was justly bestowed. It is thought by some, however, not to be quite as appropriate as it might have been, and that it would answer for the opening of any theatre whatever in the United States. It has been remarked that the rejected pieces, with two or three exceptions, do not afford any very favourable specimen of the state of poetic talent in America. To this it may be answered, that neither town or country put forth all its strength on this occasion; for the subject was not exactly calculated to awaken the genius, or rouse the ambition of every bard in the land; and there are some who would no doubt say with Mr. Pope, "the players and I, are luckily, no friends."

A considerable number of the present collection undoubtedly possess a great deal of poetic merit, and it is probable that the committee of critics were as much puzzled in making their decision as Olympian Jupiter was, when he hung up a pair of scales in the Heavens to determine the fate of Greece and Troy, or when on a more interesting occasion his gallant godship weighed "*the men's wits against the lady's hair.*"

Some few of the pieces are evidently intended as burlesque; several appear, from the delicacy of the

manuscript, as well as the prettyness of the fancy to be the production of ladies ; two or three are from little masters and misses, and the rest are the sublime effusions of those luckless aspirants who will remind one of the epigram,

“ Sir, I admit your general rule,  
That every poet is a fool ;  
But you yourself will serve to shew it,  
That every fool is not a poet.”

The publisher regrets, that so few of the writers have favored him with their names to be attached to their respective performances. To those who have done so he tenders his sincere thanks.

*New-York, 1821.*

15



THE  
*PRIZE ADDRESS.*

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By CHARLES SPRAGUE,

OF BOSTON.

WHEN mitred zeal in wild, unholy days,  
Bared his red arm, and bade the faggot blaze,  
Our patriot fires the pilgrim sail unfurl'd,  
And freedom pointed to a rival world.  
Where prowld the wolf, and where the hunter  
roved,

Faith raised her altars to the God she loved;  
Toil, linked with art, explored each savage wild,  
The forest bowed, the desert bloomed and smiled;  
Taste reared her domes, fair science spread her  
page,

And wit and genius gathered round the Stage.  
The Stage! where fancy sits creative queen,



PRIZE ADDRESS.

And spreads gay web-work o'er life's mimic scene  
Where young-eyed wonder comes to feast his sight  
And quaff instruction while he drinks delight.  
The Stage ! that threads each labyrinth of the soul  
Wakes laughter's peal, and bids the tear-drop roll  
That hoots at folly, mocks proud fashion's slaves,  
And brands with shame the world's vile drove o  
knaves.

The child of genius, catering for the Stage,  
Rifles the stores of every clime and age.  
He speaks ! the sepulchre resigns its prey,  
And crimson life runs thro' the sleeping clay :  
The grave, the gibbet, and the battle field,  
At his command, their festering tenants yield.  
Here wisdom's heir, released from death's embrace  
Reads awful lessons to another race ;  
Pale bleeding love, comes weeping from the tomb  
That kindred softness may bewail her doom ;  
Murder's dry bones, re-clothed desert the dust,  
That after times may own his sentence just ;  
And the mad tyrant of some mouldering page  
Stalks here to warn, who once could curse an a

May this fair dome, in classic beauty reared  
By taste be fostered, and by worth revered.  
May chastened wit here bend to virtue's cause  
Reflect her image and repeat her laws ;  
And vice, that slumbers o'er the sacred page  
Hate his own likeness, shadowed from the st

Here let the guardian of the drama sit  
In righteous judgment o'er the realm of wit.  
Not his the shame, with servile pen to wait  
On private friendship, or on private hate ;  
To flatter fools, or satire's javelin dart,  
Tipp'd with a lie, at proud ambition's heart.  
His be the nobler task to herald forth,  
Young blushing merit and neglected worth ;  
To stamp with scorn the prostituted page,  
And lash the fool who lisps it from the stage.

Here shall bright genius wing his eagle flight,  
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light,  
Till, high in mental worlds, from vulgar ken,  
He soars, the wonder and the pride of men.  
Cold censure here to decent mirth shall bow,  
And bigotry unbend his monkish brow ;  
Here toil shall pause, his ponderous sledge thrown by,  
And beauty bless each strain with melting eye ;  
Grief, too, in fiction lost, shall cease to weep,  
And all the world's rude cares be laid to sleep.  
Each polished scene shall taste and truth approve,  
And the stage triumph in the people's love.

THE  
REJECTED  
ADDRESSES.

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By S. WOODWORTH,  
OF NEW-YORK.

WHAT glorious vision bursts upon my view  
Does Fancy mock me ! no ! 'tis true ! 'tis true  
No false illusive dream of past delight  
But blest realities, salute my sight ;  
The ruthless fiend of *Ruin* is displac'd  
By *Beauty, Fashion, Elegance and Taste !*  
Thrill'd with such rapture as when first I p  
The infant *Shakespeare* to this throbbing bre  
I hail the scene ! my *temple*, and my *home !*  
While rays of *beauty* light the vaulted dome  
Despair, avaunt ! the storm of *grief* is past,  
And *joy's* bright sunshine gilds the scene at

Here, where the *tragic muse* has mourn'd so long  
The sleep of *Passion*, and the death of *Song* ;  
Where o'er the urn of blighted hopes she hung,  
With vacant, beamless eye, and silent tongue :  
While shapeless heaps of ruins smok'd around,  
And desolation mark'd the blacken'd ground ;  
Here, from its ashes, see her temple burst,  
With grace and splendour that surpass the first.  
So, from his parent's dust, the *Phoenix* springs,  
With *Eden's* richest plumage in his wings ;  
Thus dazzling soars, unrivall'd, and alone,  
His age a *century*, and a *world* his own !

Ye generous *Freemen*, who in danger, stand  
The shield and bulwark of your happy land ;  
Who, mid the sweeter luxuries of peace,  
Behold your *greatness* and your *arts* increase ;  
Whose liberal minds throw lustre on the age,  
O, still protect and patronise the stage ;  
That bright auxiliar in *Refinement's* cause,  
Which rais'd proud Greece to what at length she  
was ;

Invited forth, and scatter'd unconfin'd,  
The boundless treasures of a *Shakespeare's* mind ;  
And taught the vulgar barbarous sons of strife  
The gentler *courtesies* that sweeten life.

Ye *free-born Fair*, who grace Columbia's clime,  
Whose bosoms glow with sentiments sublime ;  
Whose *smiles* inspire the actions they reward,  
Whose *tears* embalm the virtues they applaud ;

Still let those *smiles* and *tears* alternate prove  
That wit can charm—that *sympathy* can move ;  
And while your hearts celestial *Truth* revere,  
Still condescend to trace her *picture* here ;  
Still let your presence consecrate the *art*  
That holds a *mirror* to the human heart ;  
And raises *Virtue's* worth beyond a price ;  
That culls the fruits of *Fancy's* wide domains,  
That calls from *Poesy* her sweetest strains ;  
That teaches young *affection* what alone  
Can make a virtuous manly heart her own ;  
And shows to *art* how vain are all its wiles,  
That he who *wins*, must first *deserve* your smiles ;

*Columbians, all !* Ye patriots, and ye fair,  
Still let the *drama* claim your generous care ;  
Cherish'd by *you*, it will the champion prove  
Of freedom. *Virtue*, and the Arts you love ;  
So shall *his* city, by refinement bless'd,  
Become the pride and mistress of the West—  
So shall your country rise to greater fame,  
And endless glory gild *Columbia's* name.

BY MOSES Y. SCOTT,

OF NEW-YORK.

WHEN morning flings her roses on the plain,  
And light rejoices over night's domain ;  
When Winter's demon-storms reluctant fly,  
And angel smiles beam o'er the vernal sky !  
Then may the tragic muse from nature claim  
Her emblem here of triumph and of fame :  
For here of winter and of night are born  
The Drama's spring, and Hope's auspicious morn.

Let her no more in sad remembrance mourn !—  
A thousand smiles now welcome her return—  
A thousand hearts now plead her generous cause—  
A thousand hands have thundered her applause.

Here she has seen her sacred arts expire,  
Her temple forming their funereal pyre ;  
While, leaning on a fragment of her dome,  
She wept the past, nor dream'd of joys to come.

Thus science mourned, when desolation's hand  
Followed the Goth and Vandal o'er her land—  
When Greece was sad, and Rome in darkness lay,  
Their towers in dust, their temples swept away.  
Then wandered forth the Nine, in Cypress clad,  
And solemn dirges sung or mourned in silence sad.  
A night of ages hid the sister band,

Till high Britannia called them to her land—  
For, Shakspeare rose, who, like the star of day,  
Announced the dawn and led its radiant way.  
The Drama then revived in second birth,  
And science claimed the empire of the earth.

Here too the gloom is past, and light appears  
In Thalia's smiles, or Melpomene's tears ;  
While still they fondly cherish Shakspeare's name  
And hand his memory down to deathless fame.

And you, whose bounty, like the sun, imparts  
The genial ray that nourishes the arts !  
Amid your generous groups, again appear  
Long absent forms and friends to memory dear—  
Wisdom and worth, bold champions of truth,  
In manhood's prime, in age or rosy youth—  
Bright sons of wit and beauty's daughters blest  
With virtue reigning in the feeling breast—  
What most we prized 'tis ours again to view,  
At this auspicious hour combined in you.

We have a wish that fain would be express—  
But fate *has* spoke it, and you *shall* be blest !  
Your realm extending half the world's vast ro  
*Must* be the scene where light and truth are found  
Where nature's boldest hand has wrought subli  
Souls will arise majestic as their clime—  
Where Andes stretches vast his giant side—

Where bold Niagara rolls his thundering tide—  
Where mighty Darien clouds the trembling land,  
Breaking the floods, a world in either hand ;

There Freedom reigns, while from her temple  
high,  
Her meteor standard streams along the sky,  
Her holy sway shall unimpair'd extend,  
Virtue's best guardian, and the Muses' friend,  
Till earth and skies shall totter to their doom  
And fall at last, in Nature's boundless tomb.

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BY JAMES B. SHEYS,

OF NEW-YORK.

THE first deep anguish of that moment past,  
When terror shriek'd upon the midnight blast,  
As, glaring high, the stormy flames aspir'd,  
And Thalia, sighing, from her fane retir'd,  
With buoyant hopes, again we enter here—  
The scene to friendship and remembrance dear !



Tho' wizard art hath o'er its features thrown  
A splendid eloquence before unknown ;  
Tho' dazzling eyes its symmetry survey,  
And *reason* falters 'mid the proud array ;  
Yet *love* may hail, and grateful *feeling* trace  
The hallow'd spot—the kind, familiar face ;  
May clasp the relics of departed time—  
Own here, as friends, the sons of ev'ry clime ;  
Recall the votaries of a moral stage—  
The great translators of its magic page !  
Yes ! here the heart, with honest welcome warm,  
Pants to embrace each lov'd and honour'd form.  
For here, their brows by mem'ry fondly twin'd,  
Still rule the masters of immortal mind !  
Here matchless Cooke—here Hodgkinson appears—  
To brighten life and charm away its tears ;  
The soul to soften, or its fires restore,  
As Shakspear's Richard takes the field once more ;  
While purely round the flame of genius burns,  
And all the light of other days returns.

And lo ! mute, solemn, musing, rapt, serene,  
A form sublime invades the mimic scene !  
The varied passions, hurrying, round her throng,  
While music wakes the reverential song.  
First *Innocence*—a lisping, happy child,  
Fair as spring's flowers and as her breezes mild,  
With ready smiles that ev'ry bud adorn,  
And fearless fingers—sporting with a thorn ;  
Then, her sweet sister, mirth-supported *Joy*,  
*Light* on her cheek and rapture in her eye ;

Then, led by *Hope*, adown the giddy dance,  
Comes blushing *Love* with fond and blissful glance ;  
Then *Jealousy*—his aspect pale with care,  
His dark locks loose—the follower of *Despair* !  
Then fell *Revenge*, in recent slaughter dyed,  
And vestal *Pity* weeping at his side.  
Now, the slow *Tragic Queen* with sweeping pall,  
And laughing *Comedy* attend their call ;  
As round that form they pour their greeting strain—  
Oh ! Nature mounts her ancient seat again !

To you, fair daughters of this favor'd clime !  
Supreme in mind, when bloom decays with time,  
While your applause inspires us to be great—  
This night our fane we proudly dedicate.

Beneath its dome, ador'd may genius shine—  
For Earth instruct—for holy Heaven refine ;  
May beauty smile through many a happy hour—  
Youth fondly learn to curb licentious power.  
May thoughts prevail that virtue must revere,  
And injur'd Freedom find her champions here :  
The muse exulting spread her daring wings—  
Charm as she soars and triumph while she sings ;  
May jocund mirth, or silent grief controul—  
As nature's Shakspeare sways the genial soul !

BY MOSES Y. SCOTT,

OF NEW-YORK.

LIVES there a soul fed by immortal flame,  
Earth its abode, and paradise its aim,  
That feels not oft a sympathetic glow  
Of pleasing sorrow for unreal wo?  
If such there be, 'tis in the cheerless wild  
Where light is lost, and science never smil'd;  
Where the cold hermit, hid in nature's gloom,  
Walks darkly from the cradle to the tomb.



The tragic muse asserts those fair domains,  
Where truth rejoices and where virtue reigns;  
Where hope inspires, and genius loves to toil,  
Sure of a bright reward in beauty's smile.  
'Tis there in feeling's cause, she wakes her lyr  
With melting softness, or heroic fire;  
While at her will—whether with soothing cha  
She lulls the soul, or thunders war's alarms—  
Like varying tides beneath the moon's controul,  
The passions slumber, or tumultuous roll.

'Twas thus in Greece, when on the sacred gro  
That freedom hallow'd, *Music* first was found:  
Whether she came fresh from creation's hand,  
Or reigned primeval in Elysian land;  
In balmy slumbers in a cypress grove  
She lay, till waken'd by the hand of *Love*:

Then, wild and sweet her conquering numbers rung,  
And rapture listen'd as the maiden sung.

Greece then was blest, for warm Eschylus came,  
And bold Euripides, belov'd of fame.  
These high assertors of the drama's cause,  
Drew the realm's wonder, and the world's applause.

Rome too was pleas'd, when Grecian arts were  
nigh,  
That came like sunshine o'er a summer's sky—  
But not to last—for ages since may tell  
How science, towering to her summit, fell—  
How Vandal outrage hurl'd her to her doom,  
And Gothic darkness settled on her tomb.

Long reign'd that gloom—But see again expand  
Its ten-fold clouds, burst by a Briton's hand!  
The happy herald of Improvement's day,  
On Avon's banks a cherub infant lay,  
Nestled in roses, while his birth to grace,  
Music was heard enchanting all the place;  
Aerial harps immortal hymns bestow'd,  
And Avon's waters warbled as they flow'd.  
The spreading sounds to fame's high temple came,  
Whose trump responsive rang with SHAKSPEARE'S  
name.

And now, tho' ages since have roll'd away,  
That name still proudly triumphs o'er decay ;  
And shall through time from sire to son descend  
Britannia's glory and Columbia's friend.

And lo ! this temple, that with Phœnix power  
Again majestic from its ashes towers—  
Hallow'd by genius—offering of the free—  
Shakspeare, this dome we consecrate to thee !

And you, whose presence aids our great design  
Who cherish still the memory of the *Nine* !  
Long may you share the raptures they bestow,  
And long your country's proudest blessing know .  
Sure that where holy freedom reigns sublime  
*The arts* shall triumph till the wreck of *Time*.

By JAMES B. SHEYS.

*OF NEW-YORK.*

Oh ! what enchantment bursts upon my sight ?  
What fairy realm—what vision of delight ?  
Why springs the wish dear objects to behold ?  
Why rise the charms exulting thought foretold ?  
Bright answering eyes—fond pressing hands appear—

The state and beauty of a stage are here !  
Yes ! yes—tis real !—your warm smiles, that prove  
The bliss of rapture and the joy of love,  
Like heavenly rays to doubt and sorrow come—  
Indulgent fate ! the wand'ers own their home.

How Thalia mourn'd when her proud temple fell,  
How oft returning, sigh'd the sad farewell ;  
How lost and hopelessly she wander'd long,  
This joyous night forbids the doleful song,  
For, terror past, and flown ungenial gloom,  
Like white rob'd spirit from the cheerless tomb,  
By music guided o'er the bright'ning scene,  
She comes rejoicing with an angel's mein :  
She comes, a herald from the sainted wise,  
To throw o'er truth the glory of the skies ;  
Bid hideous vice at his own image start,  
And virtue triumph in the coldest heart,

To freemen, jealous of their country's name,  
Who aid her genius and support her fame,

Who prize the *mental* greatness of their kind,  
 The *stage* is sacred in its state refin'd.  
 In every clime, thro' every age rever'd,  
 By learning, taste, religion, love endear'd,  
 Instructing *youth*—inspiring rev'rend *age*,  
 Time's brightest gifts adorn the *moral stage*.  
 For it's Shakspeare heav'n-descended, toil'd ;  
 Thro' nature rang'd—the universe despoil'd,  
 Bright as the sun, his course sublime he ran ;  
 In *thought* an angel, tho' in *form* a man.  
 Disdaining earth, his matchless numbers rang—  
 Immortals listen'd while the minstrel sang !  
 O'er boundless space—thro' trackless air he flew—  
 Exhausted worlds and then—created new !

Taught by the stage his rights by nature giv'n,  
 Man fearless treads beneath impartial Heav'n,  
 Here rudest bosoms, wond'ring while they weep,  
 Soft pity own ere angry passions sleep :  
 Here patriots learn the tyrant to withstand,  
 As gallant Richmond wins his native land ;  
 Here feel new warmth—obey the rallying strain ;  
 As noble Cato dies for Rome in vain !  
 Shall not the Muse in this bless'd land engage  
 Friends to her cause and patrons to her Stage ?

Oh ! ye bright daughters ! beauteous as the flowers,  
 That bloom spontaneous in your happy bowers ;  
 Ye sons ! who look on some dear blushing face  
 For sorrow's solace and refinement's grace ;  
 Cherish the *drama* with sincere applause,

And grant the heart to virtue's holy cause ;  
 Give all we ask—a rich reward of toil !  
 The passing tribute of your gen'rous smile.  
 Then, as some flower beneath a clement sky,  
 The muse shall glow in beauty peace and joy ;  
 Shall grasp the laurels of each future age—  
 And walk with merit the instructive stage.



By JOSEPH CROSS, Esq.

OF ILLINOIS.

HAVE we not seen (presage of tranquil even,)  
 The brilliant bow that spans the arch of Heaven,  
 Its *primal colours* sparkling in the light,  
 From deepest scarlet to a crimson white ?  
 They glitter'd, transient, on the vapoury scene  
 Then fell, in pearly dew, on nature's green :  
 Yet on the mind, those colours were impress'd  
 So strong, our vision ken'd them e'en at rest\*  
 So should the DRAMA, in fair *Freedom's* clime,  
 In classic light and moral beauty shine,  
 In varied vesture, festoon'd by each *grace*

\* Vide Darwin's experiments in Natural Philosophy.



That charms the mind, or mantles *Beauty's* face,  
Its *PATHOS*, deep embued in *Virtue's* tears,  
Its *SOMBRE TOUCHES*, what a *villain* fears !  
And when bright *Thalia* mounts the comic throne,  
Unsullied bosoms her chaste influence own.

WHEN, erst, proud MAN a tyrant sceptre wav'd  
His *brethren, vassals* ! and mankind enslav'd,  
Then *fools* and *buffoons* won th' histr'onic crown,  
And vice and meanness gain'd the world's renown ;  
When ATHENS rose, the *Mistress* of the ARTS,  
Where *Freedom, Science, Virtue*, won all hearts  
Then rose the *Drama*, in its worth sublime  
Nurs'd by true *Grecians* and the fabled *nine*.  
And Roman sages, in Augustus smile,  
Were wont to seek the charms of *Thalia's* guile.

BUT *superstition* and *despotic power*  
Gathered the blackening clouds' portentous lour ;  
Bright science fled the dark impending gloom,  
And sought for shelter in the *Cloister's* tomb !

AT length brave ALBION, in her sea-girt isle,  
Achieved her freedom and the world's best smile ;  
Then GARRICK came, in *Nature's GENIUS* bright,  
*His tears were chrystal, and his smiles were light*,  
So true to feeling in his varied tone,  
He made THE HEART *surrender* as his own :  
As sprung to life the BARD of AVON'S page,  
He trod the MASTER ACTOR of his age.

HAIL to THE ISLAND, where our PATRIOT SIRES  
Inurn'd the flame from *Freedom's* smouldering fires ;  
While, erst, they kindled on COLUMBIA'S strand,  
And hymn'd her peans in their children's land.

Electric fire the *Alpine Pine* can rend  
And bid the Mountain Oak in dust descend  
Yet *Nature's SELF* each blooming scion rears,  
*Her smiles, its sunshine, and the rain's her tears.*  
So had *this structure* sunk beneath the flame,  
Where COOPER gain'd, and COOKE sustain'd a  
name!

Where smiles and tears, like April showers have  
been

Scenes of all climes, and shades of ancient men !  
Where *Woman* felt her innocence arise,  
And shield her spirit to its kindred skies :  
Where *Man*, stern *Man*, his ruling bent asleep,  
Relax'd his brow and turn'd, *like me*, to weep.

ALL gold would slumber in each darkling mine,  
But *Wealth* and *Genius* bid the ore to shine :  
Oh glad the day and joyful be the hour,  
We feel once more your all-protecting power ;  
COLUMBIAN VIRTUE ! you we first invoke,  
To shield THIS MANSION from the bigot's stroke  
Who makes each sacred text an iron rod  
*To lash our virtues and to libel God\*!*

\* Who exhorted and prayed the people not to cheer their  
heroic countryman with public applause when bleeding for  
their country in the late war.

COLUMBIAN BEAUTY next, each witching  
smile

With virtue mantling, shall our cares beguile.  
Who can deserve the smile in that bright eye  
Where *Grace* and *Truth* in matchless splendor vie,  
*Ladies!* sure those who wield the *Dramas* arts  
To render MEN deserving of your hearts,  
COLUMBIAN VALOUR oft each matchless deed  
Shall fire the *Tragic Muse* to sing your meed,  
Another Shakspeare slumbers in the dust  
Who to your well earned LAURELS will be just,  
Then *Youth*, shall listen oft in future years  
Till fresh *your valour* burns—till *Beauty* melts in  
tears

Where the YOUNG EAGLET wings his earliest flight  
Tired of Earth, he strives to soar to light;  
Awhile he flutters, by each rude gale driven,  
,Tis then his PINIONED PARENT'S aid is given  
So the COLUMBIAN MUSE, tho' SOL illumines  
Can scarcely boast her slightest quiv'ring plumes,  
Yet e'er again our numbers twice are told,  
She'll soar aloft in plumes of burnish'd gold.  
All men will love her *in her freedom dress*,  
While she inspires to chasten and to bless.

Long as the light'ning on the tropic cloud  
Shall glance, with awful thunders deep and loud;  
Long as the sparkling foam on *Ocean's* way,  
*Is white and glistening*, in the noon-tide ray;  
So long shall *Science* and the *Drama* rise

**Mid Freedom's charms beneath Columbian skies :  
Alike their progress in a free-born mind,  
Where truth can triumph in a taste refined.**

*Note from the Author to the Editor.*

MR. SMITH,

Dear Sir,—Permit me thro' you to apprise the public that the above Address, was written in ill health, after a hard day's employment, on which not only my subsistence but almost my very existence depended. It was written in less than four hours by the light of a two-cent candle, in my Attic story, in Chatham-street, and before the poet reposed his temples on his wooden pillow. When I came to copy it the next day, I recollected that the prize address must not exceed 60 lines !—What an unpoetic dictum ! Well, sir, with all due diligence I went to work with a hatchet, and after hacking and chopping for some time, I got it down to the Manager's measure, or at least within a quarter of an inch ! It reminded me, when so delapidated, of Peter Pindar's dead Frenchman in his short coffin, with his head en chapeau bras—and perhaps his fingers, index and all, cut off. I thought with all the vanity of an old votary of the Muses, it might possibly hit ; and, in that event, I intended to restore the delapidated members, which I have done in this communication ; and beg you will please insert it, if at all, as originally written, and as it is now restored.

September 6, 1821.

## ADDRESS,

*Supposed to have been written by a Lady.*

WHERE is the light that shed its holy beam  
And fir'd the bard by Avon's silver stream ?  
When nature threw her mantle o'er her child,  
And woke his infant voice to wood-notes wild,  
Bath'd in her lucent wave his ardent soul,  
And bade his heaven-ward eye in frenzy roll ;  
That falcon eye which look'd creation through,  
From earth to heav'n in quick conception flew,  
Left all the feebler pinions far behind,  
And read at one wide glance the expanded mind,  
Knew every spring and passion of the heart  
And rivall'd Greece in all her pride of art,  
Where is that daring strong gigantic age,  
The glorious morning of the English stage,  
When genius took a bold a lofty flight  
And burst all dazzling from her Gothic night.  
O ! where are now those souls which seem'd on fire,  
And burning with a poet's wild desire ;  
Who saw and keenly lov'd the grand and fair,  
And bodied forth their forms of viewless air.  
O ! where are now those thoughts and words of  
flame ;  
That shine refulgent on the roll of fame ;  
Those passion-speaking sounds that fire and thrill,  
And bind as with a magic chain the will,  
Those streams of native eloquence that flow

Like torrents rushing to the vales below,  
Pouring their white floods down the mountains height,  
And sparkling in the blaze of solar light.  
Is genius dead? Shall fancy wake no more?  
Are all the triumphs of our drama o'er?  
Is there no infant Shakspeare, who would spring  
And soar with upward breast and daring wing;  
Who gnaws with restless tooth his galling chain,  
And toils for freedom—toils and strives in vain,  
Who looks on glory with unblearing eyes,  
Who would be great, but cannot, dare not rise.  
Awake! ye sons of poesy, awake!  
And with determin'd grasp your fetters break;  
Against the painted swarms of fashion dare,  
And from their locks her perfum'd garland tear;  
Indignant sweep her cobweb strains away  
And hush the love-sick warblers of the day,  
Dare with a frown to front this downward age,  
And drive melodious weakness from the stage;  
And once more seating nature on her throne,  
There bid her reign forever and alone;  
And from her full exhaustless fountain roll,  
The words that kindle and exalt the soul.

Where thron'd on Alps eternal winter reigns,  
And freedom wanders thro' her rude domains,  
A race of demi-gods she loves to breed,  
And with the bitter bread of hunger fed;  
Till hardy as the rocks that round them rise,  
And stainless as their own unclouded skies,

Her strong-nerved sons by want and labour nurst,  
Like giants from those hard-bound mountains burst,  
Fierce as the tiger when he stands at bay,  
And wild as gaunt wolves rushing on their prey,  
Cruel as hyenas when they rend the grave,  
And on the red field tear the slaughtered brave,  
Thus in their new-wak'd might they rush amain  
And crush the puny drivellers of the plain;  
Then sheathing in a myrtle-wreath their swords,  
Walk with the port and majesty of lords.  
So wake! ye true and native sons of song,  
Pour all your unbought wealth of soul along,  
And every energy to nature give,  
Then once more Hamlet, Richard, Lear shall live.

ADDRESS.

WHEN Greece beheld the birth of scenic art,  
And *Thespis* first essay'd the actor's part,  
All Athens throng'd around the infant stage ;  
Though rude his scenes and ruder still the age,  
By many a heaving breast and tearful eye,  
Was seen the power of heaven-born *Tragedy* ;  
When pity wept or terror shrank away,  
The *Drama* prov'd—the passions own'd its sway.

Then as advancing, knowledge, arts and taste,  
Reclaim'd the human mind from barren waste,  
The Drama's gentle empire still extended ;  
Ever around her glitt'ring throne attended  
Soft Pity Fear or Rage, at her command,  
And ever as the enchantress waved her wand,  
There still bore witness to her high controul,  
The bosom's tumults and the melting soul.

Such potent skill, such wild mysterious power,  
The tragic muse shed at his natal hour,  
On Avon's bard—the father of our stage,  
Minstrel of nature—glory of his age.  
Thy mind and soul, immortal Shakspeare live,  
And in thy *living* scenes shall still survive,  
Till fancy, taste, and feeling fade away,  
And all the heart's warm sympathies decay.



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And in thy *living* scenes shall still survive,  
Till fancy, taste, and feeling fade away,  
And all the heart's warm sympathies decay.

'Till these shall die and with them die thy fame;  
Each age shall twine fresh laurels for thy name.  
Each clime that to the muse shall rear a fane,  
In ecstasy shall listen to thy strain,  
Look down, great spirit ! with aspect serene,  
With favoring eye, behold our new-born scene.

When late the followers in our muse's train,  
Witness'd, appall'd, her desolate domain,  
Saw flames relentless riot on their prey,  
And o'er night's darkness cast a baleful day,  
When desolation with her lurid wreath  
Exulted fierce and blew her blasting breath,  
Then with our crumbling scenes, your bosoms fell,  
You bade their pride and pomp a long farewell.  
But from the ruins of that hapless night,  
A fairer, nobler structure starts to light :  
Here on this spot, the lists again appear,  
Where bards may enter on their high career,  
Where haply yet, our country's muse may claim  
Such laurels as entwine a Shakspeare's name.  
Here our young muse in future shall aspire  
To Britain's proud and yet unrivall'd lyre.  
Nor bards alone—but by your fostering smile,  
Your actors rival ' her fast anchor'd isle.'  
Here where her Cooke hath bow'd his laurell'd  
head,  
Some future Garrick of our own shall tread.  
Your sunny smile shall open seeds that lay  
Dormant, awaiting its prolific ray.  
*Meanwhile, on your indulgence we shall lean,  
In our weak essays to sustain the scene.*

## BY M'DONALD CLARKE,

Who can forget that melancholy night  
When ruin rush'd upon our startled sight;  
His crimson shadow, as it sternly shone,  
Scar'd the pale muses from their trembling throne;  
O'er Shakspeare's shrine, its fiery mantle threw,  
And mingled desolation in adieu.

None can forget—for sacred is the scene  
Where one rich moment of delight hath been;  
A thrilling sadness hovers o'er the spot,  
Flush'd with warm dreams too sweet to be forgot;  
The balmy consciousness our thoughts have known  
A trance of blameless bliss forever flown.  
A transient respite from the glooms of life,  
Though with the falsehood of fruition rife,  
Will o'er the mind a dusky radiance cast,  
And haunt the eye of memory to the last.  
E'en the rough relic of an adverse hour,  
Is doubly precious when in memory's power;  
We love to gaze upon misfortune's urn,  
If something whispers "she shall not return."

Friends of the drama, patrons of the art  
That charm the senses to improve the heart.

How soft the moonlight of remembrance plays  
O'er the pale landscape of long vanish'd days—  
Where calmly slumbers many a sparkling hour,  
Whose splendour keeps our sympathies in flower ;  
How thick the gaudy ghosts of rapture rise  
To bring back half its luxury to your eyes,  
And make you feel how many a choice delight  
Hath flash'd—and faded here upon your sight.  
Here shone refinement's praise, which so endears,  
That deep pure plaudit, glitt'ring through your  
tears ;  
Though still, yet strong—though voiceless, yet is  
heard,  
Cheers with a look—and charms without a word ;  
That came like love in magic silence drest,  
And by that speaking silence made us blest.

Thought turns triumphant to departed days  
When our best efforts brightened in your praise,  
To Cooper—Twaits, and many a blooming name,  
Whose incense sweetens e'en the breath of Fame,  
To Fennel—Hodgkinson—and that great one,  
Whose lip is sealed beneath yon ghastly stone—  
That man so talented and so—but hush—  
Where is the virtue that's without a blush—  
Where is the being howsoe'er refin'd  
In thought, and feeling, habitude and mind,  
But feels—that even goodness may deprave,  
And asks—that charity may guard his grave.

Such recollections time can never tame,  
Embalm'd by blessedness, unknown to blame,  
They steal along the horizon of the heart,  
And all the tints of other times impart ;  
When pleasure's blushing sky is veil'd in gloom,  
And youth's gay sunset glimmers o'er the tomb,  
The shroud of their dead sweetness makes them  
    dear,—  
The treasury of their tenderness is here.

And oh ! while woman's witcheries inspire  
The poet's pathos and the pencil's fire,  
While there is left one cherub spirit, trac'd  
By nature's fervour, and the hand of taste,  
While one blue eye toward Shakspeare's temple  
    tends,  
Shall genius feel a famine of his friends ?  
To all the sympathies of goodness true,  
Favourite of God—what cannot woman do !  
Her soothing smile and animating glance,  
The noblest interests of this world advance ;  
Virtue secures her friendship, and sustains  
The crown of triumph, while its warmth remains.  
Each gentler grace in every glorious art,  
Owes its mild dignity to woman's heart ;  
To that kind heart which always judg'd aright,  
We dedicate our destiny to night.

By J. A. LEE,

OF NEW-YORK.

FROM early Greece, and Thespis' moving stag  
To England's Shakspeare, glory of his age,  
Theatric scenes with moral truth combined,  
Have charmed, improved, and dignified the mind.  
Late we beheld the flames commingling bright,  
To blast our hopes in one disastrous night;  
The tragic muse in wild disorder fled,  
And Thalia's raptures seemed forever dead.  
The stoic's eye was brightened with a smile,  
Lit by the fires of pleasure's funeral pile;  
And, "there," he cried, "by heaven's red vengeance hurled,  
Sinks the deluding phantom of the world;  
Thus may unhallowed temples ever fall,  
And desolation deep engulf them all!"  
Short was his triumph, his invective vain,  
For wit and beauty still adorn their train.  
Speak, ye who blindly lead th' illiberal throng,  
Were Garrick's powers mispent, or Shakspeare's  
song?  
In vain did Kemble, by his magic art,  
Awake the love of virtue in the heart?  
In vain did Siddons melt the soul to woe,  
And bid the tear of genuine pity flow?

Ah ! no—the lessons of the Thespian muse  
Exalt the mind, and moral light diffuse ;  
They dart their radiance awful and sublime  
Thro' the dim regions of departed time,  
Dispel the mist of error, and the gloom  
That darkens life, and hovers o'er the tomb.  
Thanks to the liberal spirit of the age,  
That lights again the splendours of the stage.  
Here satire paints the manners of the times,  
Their foibles, follies, and seductive crimes ;  
Vice views his features in the mirror true,  
And hates the image pictured to his view.  
The stage extended proud Britannia's praise,  
Her name was brightened in it's glit'ring rays ;  
Hence genius rose. and fancy plumed her wings ;  
Music awoke the magic of her strings ;  
Neglected merit left his humble shed,  
To twine the laurel round his honoured head.  
O'er one dark age the muse insulted wept,  
When virtue fled, and vice his vigils kept ;  
From Charles's Court our eyes disgusted turn,  
The scenes *they* witnessed *we* indignant spurn.  
And lo ! a brighter era greets our sight ;  
The farce impure is doomed to endless night ;  
And modest virtue can no more complain  
Of senseless ribaldry and song profane.  
And may Columbia with proud Europe vie,  
Lured, like the eagle, to her native sky :  
With eye undazzled, and with wing untired ;  
By virtue guided, and by genius fired ;



Wide to the world her own bright fame disclose,  
High as the Alps and spotless as their snows !  
In this emporium of the western world,  
Where freedom's brightest banner is unfurl'd,  
Be it our aim to check the swelling tide  
Of vice and folly, and presumptuous pride ;  
And whilst we follow virtue's sacred laws,  
Cherish our hopes, and grant us your applause.

---

SACKETS-HARBOUR, JULY, 1821.

LIKE fabled Phoenix—from the fires that gave  
At once a resurrection and a grave—  
Rising, with age renew'd and added grace  
To charm the world and glory in its race ;  
So, from the envious flames and mouldering pyre,  
Late deem'd their tomb—again our walls aspire ;  
So may they charm—while nature, truth endears ;  
So reign—the Phoenix of a thousand years.

Though bigot prejudice—still pleas'd to bind  
His icy fetters round the struggling mind—  
May knit his brow in gloom and steel his heart  
To each soft blandishment of *mimic art* ;  
Though prudes in morals—whose distemper'd spleen  
Stirs, if e'en virtue's *naked* charms be seen—

May shun the gaze of nature's mirror true,  
Held by the *DRAMA* to their jaundic'd view ;  
Yet one fond truth shall this bright hour endear,  
That neither prudes nor bigots flourish here :  
Else had we never met, this night to grace  
The morals, virtue, wisdom of our place ;  
Age, youth, and manhood—wealth and beauty's  
    smiles.  
Conjoin'd to cheer us, and reward our toils.

Fools still may censure, hypocrites may rail,  
And slander choke with her own venom'd tale ;  
But while the wise applaud, the fair approve,  
While laws protect and freeborn bosoms love ;  
The *Drama* yet shall flourish, yet repay  
The frank regard which nurs'd her infant day ;  
Extend her reign where'er man's realm extends,  
Confound her foes, and vindicate her friends.

With freemen for her patrons, truth her guide,  
Virtue her prompter, reason at her side ;  
Still shall the tragic muse her sons inspire,  
Still wake the mighty masters of the lyre ;  
Till some Columbian Shakspeare seize her throne,  
And wind her magic horn, unrivall'd and alone.  
Oft too, with the sweet train of loves and graces,  
Bright, buoyant hearts, pure minds and cherub  
    faces—  
Her sister muse, the laughter loving queen  
Of Comedy, shall in our haunts be seen—

Dipping her pencil in the rainbow's dye  
To picture transient follies as they fly ;  
Or weaving pleasure's veil o'er human woes,  
To hide the thorns of life beneath the rose.

*Our's* be the task—delightful though severe—  
To prompt the smile of mirth or pity's tear,  
As either muse commands ; tis *your's* to give  
The boon of praise, which bids our labours live.  
You are the *oak*—the humble *ivy* we,  
Thriftless and prone, without our patron tree ;  
But grateful for the countenance we court,  
And fashioned to adorn—if *you* support.  
Then let the oak the faithful ivy bear  
In proud alliance to the realms of air—  
Beauty with strength, and grace with vigour twin'd,  
Emblems of freedom and the free-born mind :  
So shall admiring nations hail the tree,  
Sacred to wisdom and to liberty.

*RED-JACKET.*

## ADDRESS.

**RAISED** from the dust where stood its former  
fane,  
Behold our drama's dome aspire again,  
Where lately smoking ruin spread its pall  
Upon the blacken'd and deserted wall.  
Oh let us hope this renovated pile  
May win the boon of your approving smile,  
That fame her wreaths of laurel shall entwine  
To hang around Apollo's sacred shrine—  
Whilst genius shall exert it's magic art  
Charm every eye and master every heart,—  
Once more the gifted muse shall meet the view,  
And Shakspeare's torch be lighted up anew.

When first the Tragic Muse in older time  
Appeared in Greece—her own, her native clime,  
Within those classic and enchanted bowers  
Where Sapho's song beguiled the weary hours ;  
Each bosom felt her magical controul  
To fire, to elevate, to melt the soul,  
To wake each lofty impulse of the mind,  
And shed the light of genius on mankind—  
To make alternate passions sink or swell.  
Let Thespis—let Eschylus say how well !  
Shall *we* not then in these enlightened days  
Impart our tribute too of generous praise,

While other lands confess the Drama's sway  
Shall we be less alive to worth than they—  
When they their Garrick and their Kemble name  
As brilliant gems upon the arch of fame,  
Shall we not hail our Drama's infant reign  
And own with them its spirit in our Payne—  
And ere time's wing much longer shall have flown  
May we not claim some Garrick as our own?—  
Yes it shall be—the splendid scene appears  
Through the bright vista of revolving years,  
When native genius on its throne shall stand  
The pride, the boast, the glory of our land—  
With gifted mind and unassuming worth  
To send its fame through every clime on earth ;  
Upon this spot where Cooke so well expressed  
The demon passions of a Richard's breast,  
Here shall some future Cooke ascend the stage,  
Madden to crime, or swell with tyrant rage—  
Pourtray ambition's long unwearied care,  
Or breathe the low sad accents of despair ;  
With Romeo melt in love's bewitching sighs,  
Wear dark Iago's mantle of disguise—  
Or shew how high the patriot's ardors glow  
When Cæsar falls and Brutus gives the blow.

Whilst now we re-appear before your sight  
And bid you all a welcome on this night,  
Be our's the hope your favour may be won—  
And your's the generous will to say well done !

As we exert ourselves that need to gain  
Oh let us hope we shall not strive in vain,  
True to the Drama's and to nature's laws  
With honest pride we seek your just applause,  
And hail with confidence your kind acclaim  
Our highest pleasure, and our proudest fame.

F.

---

NEW-YORK, Sept., 1821.

BORNE on the eastern breeze our fathers came,  
Led by the light of freedom's sacred flame,  
To those lone shores, where scarcely aught was  
seen

But the drear mountain, and the dark ravine ;  
Where the fell savage lurk'd to seize his prey,  
And stain with blood the horrors of the day.

'That ruthless foe subdued, or reconciled,  
'The pilgrim sought to cultivate the wild ;  
'To clothe in verdant dress, unknown before,  
Each hill that overlook'd the gloomy shore ;

To deck each vale with grain that richly grew,  
And give the wilderness a smiling hue.  
"Great God, he cried, from whom all bounty flows,  
O! make these wilds to blossom as the rose."

Soon the bright axe, wielded by sturdy arms,  
Rang through the forest wild its loud alarms;  
Then mighty oaks came thundering to the ground,  
And lofty pines lay prostrate around :  
These to the flames consign'd, their ashes gave  
The harvest bright, in every field to wave.  
The yielding earth repaid the pilgrim's toil,  
And each succeeding year improved the soil,  
'Till from its bounty commerce fill'd her stores,  
And cities rose to deck Columbia's shores.

Thus art, in all her skill and glory came,  
Then science pour'd around her brighter flame ;  
The muses born of Heaven, lingered awhile,  
And fearful seem'd to leave their ancient soil.  
But Humphrey rose, and westward roll'd along  
The orb of empire, and the voice of song.  
Melpomene—to weep o'er heroes slain,  
The monarch's bleeding wounds, the lover's pain—  
Came with Thalia, whose bewitching smile  
Can weeping eyes and hearts of woe beguile.  
This was their lov'd retreat, and here the *stage*  
Rose with the rising genius of the age :

Here Henry early graced the tragic tale,  
And here did Hallam's comic power prevail—  
Hallam and Henry, names forever dear  
To all who love the stage, and worth revere!

While mimic scenes, to life and nature true,  
Scenes of immortal birth, that Shakspeare drew,  
Shall here be acted o'er,—will you this fane  
Desert, that Phoenix-like, has risen again  
From the pale ashes of that prouder pile,  
Pride of the muses and Manhattan isle:  
That monument the rising arts deplore,  
While genius weeps to think it is no more?  
No—down base thought that doubts your generous  
zeal:

This night shall tell how much for us you feel;  
Yes—in your eyes I read the stage shall live,  
While wit remains and you have wealth to give.  
Then let me with a prophet's voice proclaim,  
True to Columbia's liberty and fame,  
The stage, protected by your care, shall prove  
The Ægis of morals and of virtuous love;  
And while these veins one purple drop shall own,  
No tyrant here shall raise his guilty throne.

All hail Columbia! ever just and free,  
Hail! land of science, love and liberty!

*ROSCIUS.*



To the Managers of the Park Theatre.

*Woodbridge, New-Jersey; July 1821*

SIRS,

I have taken the liberty, in common with others, I suppose, to send you an address; whether your theatre is open, I am not aware. I knew not till yesterday that an address had been wanted. If it should be too late, or not approved of, too candid, I shall feel some disappointment, for I am a very poor and want your \$50 very badly! A letter directed to ———, at the Post Office, Woodbridge, with the \$50 note enclos'd, would meet with immediate attention, from

Yours very respectfully,

---

P. S. You will please to observe, sir, that there is no small portion of *fire* in my lines, which will perhaps be no great recommendation, as the weather of late has been so extremely warm!! You are at liberty to make any alterations you think proper, as you fail not to send me the money!!

To trace from rills the river's rapid stream,—  
The awful thunder from the lightning's gleam,—  
The opake cloud, that hides the sun's bright light  
From exhaltations unperceiv'd by sight,

Does oft engage the philosophic mind,  
Blest with sound sense and knowledge most refin'd.

Be it, this night our pleasing task to show,  
The sweet attractions that from Thespis flow,  
And seek, once more, within these modern walls  
The honest tribute that to genius falls ;  
Oh, may our stage like Asia's fabled bird,  
Rise from its ashes, and again be heard !  
When'er this curtain rises may be seen,  
If Thalia's presence animate the scene—  
Chaste Wit, and Humour, emulous to show  
That Mirth and Morals in her bosom glow,  
That Democritus can to laughter move,  
And ocean's daughter, wake the soul to love ;  
And yet Minerva o'er the scene preside,  
Lash the rude ruffian—aim the dart at pride—  
Exhaust her quiver on a vicious name—  
And bathe her arrows in the blood of shame !

And, thou, dark sister of the smiling maid !  
With tearful eye—in sweeping stole array'd,  
In midnight gloom thy footsteps love to trace  
Those lurid cells, wherein the human race  
In silence slumber, free'd from love or lust  
And peaceful moulder with congenial dust !  
When'er thy form shall deign to wander here,  
And all the passions in thy train appear,

E

Revenge, or hatred, with her pois'nous bowl,  
Or giant murder with his blood-red scowl

Whatever part the tragic muse may act ;  
Whether the tale be fiction or be fact ;  
May virtuous feelings rise within the soul,  
And keep the baser passions in control ;  
May blushing beauty weep at Shore's sad fate,  
And duteous daughters feel their hearts dilate.  
As filial love displays the Grecian fair  
Who sav'd from tyrant power her father dear !

And you, protectors of the fair—shall ye  
Feel no emotion when Melpomene  
With Lear's keen sorrows melts the soul to wo !—  
When Richard seeks a horse to meet the foe !—  
When Pompey bleeds beneath the assassin's knife !  
Or Cesar in the senate yields his life ?  
Let pity weep at Lear and Pompey's tale—  
But justice triumph, for the public weal :  
The scourge of men—the tyrants of their age !  
Were dead ! when Richard died, and Cesar left the  
stage !

## ADDRESS.

In early Greece where genius cull'd—a child—  
The flow'rs ungather'd in the virgin wild,  
The tragic muse first trod the moral stage,  
And Orpheus-like, subdued the wand'ring age.  
Then *Eschylus*—the attic Shakspeare, rose,  
And taught the heart to feel for other's woes :  
Majestic *Sophocles*, on wing sublime,  
Soaring triumphant o'er the floods of time,  
Bid Phoebus lyre forever to proclaim  
The magic glories of the Grecian name ;  
Then great *Euripides* in splendour shone  
With *Virgil's* pathos and *Racines* in one.  
The younger sister of mimetic art—  
Mirthful Comedy here too play'd a part,  
And grave Menander folly's pranks chastis'd—  
Amus'd the public while he moralized.  
And when the sword from Athen's classic dome  
Transfer'd the muses to the Cæsar's home,  
See polish'd Terence mount the scenic throne,  
And show his master's\* humour in his own ;  
While Roscius' pow'rs excite e'en Tully's praise,  
And crown the actor with the poet's bays.  
But when the cloud of Gothic darkness hung  
O'er prostrate Europe, and its mantle flung  
Around the ruins of imperial Rome,  
Like lava sweeping o'er Pompeii's tomb,—

\* Terence, according to Cicero, merely translated Menander.

When learning, sentenced for a thousand years,  
Wore the rude chain of ignorance with tears—  
The Tragic Muse then sought some kindlier star  
And join'd the virtues from Arcadia.

Midst night and silence, in the gulf of time,  
Merge years on years—but like the starry chime  
On high—whose tones among the countless host  
In the bold harmony of heaven are lost.

At length the world's tremendous jar is o'er;  
And learning's lamp illumines Italia's shore.—  
As when Apollo's car rolls boldly forth,  
Lights up the icy chambers of the North—  
Restores once more, from darkness thralldom drear,  
The Lapland summer and the Arctic year,  
Prismatic colours, through the chrystals play,  
And countless rainbows glow from every spray.—  
So science forth from Heaven's window smiles  
And wakes to life the prostrate distant isles.  
Once more the Nine resume their magic sway,  
Once more do men the muses voice obey :—  
Once more behold the Drama's force prevail  
And Gallia weep at thy command Corneille !  
While Britain's isle proclaims her poet's name  
And genius wafts him on the wings of *Fame*.  
England *indeed* could boast the "blue ey'd maid"  
When *Shakspeare's* fancy was by *Garrick* play'd !

The muses fam'd of old on Zion-hill,  
By Classic fountains and by Avon's rill—  
Have other bays reserv'd to later time,  
When *Siddons* and when *Kemble* mov'd sublime.  
While *Cooke* and *Kean* in western climes appear,  
And force from all the homage of a tear ;  
Around whose *Richard* mem'ry e'er shall cling,  
Which lost the *actor* in the *real King* !  
And while this night their praises we essay  
In the warm tribute of our humble lay,  
Ye fond admirers of Dramatic show—  
The breathing marble and the canvass glow,  
'Tis yours hereafter—(what our hopes presage)  
Your ancient love to grant this Phœnix' stage,  
Which o'er the parent ashes lives to shine  
The home of Phœbus and the tuneful nine !

AMICUS MUSARUM

## ADDRESS.

**ERECT** once more behold the Thespian fane,  
The muse's sacred pile ascends again ;  
And youth and beauty as its gates unfold,  
Enter with joy the scene beloved of old ;  
Around its altar blaze the sparkling lights  
And music's gladsome voice each guest invites.  
Again shall tragedy in solemn stole,  
To virtue rouse ; in grief subdue the soul ;  
And gay Thalia with her mirthful train  
Shall banish care and smooth the brow of pain  
While thro' the shifting scenes, the drama's ma  
Shall Shakspeare's genius o'er his empire blaze  
Green in immortal youth each thought survive  
And every deathless dream embodied live.—  
Who by unkindly prejudice misled,  
Saw o'er these walls the crackling ruins spread  
And marked well pleased the conquering flame  
    pire,  
In one wild pyramid, of mounting fire ?  
In freedom's earliest clime the stage arose,  
Tyrants and bigots only are its foes.  
Its moral use to question 'tis too late,  
Nor need we here its trophies vindicate.  
Here noble deeds the virtuous bosom warm ;  
Here sober hist'ry borrows fiction's charm ;  
Vice sees the dread career it yet must run ;  
And guilt beholds the doom it cannot shun ;

While changeful folly in each raging age,  
Shrinks from its mirror'd image on the stage:  
Nor small the praise the science art should find,  
Which for an hour can cheat the care worn mind ;  
By well feigned woes, our own are hushed to rest,  
And generous pity purifies the breast ;  
While from the jocund smile of harmless mirth,  
Depart the sad realities of earth,  
A nobler subject might demand your ear ;  
Patriots protect the cause of genius here !  
Here native talent may assert its claim  
And win from you the earnest of its fame ;  
From our own history gather and prolong  
Illustrious deeds, as yet unknown to song ;  
Nor show the Indian in his wild retreat,  
And border legends cull for fable meet ;  
And now of freedom's wars and victories tell,  
Who for their country fought and conquering fell ;  
Or paint the varying manners of our clime,  
And give the picture to all after time ;  
Ripe is the harvest, and the field is wide,  
And yet the glorious task is all untried.—  
Friends of the drama ! welcome to its seat !  
With heartfelt joy your presence here we greet.  
*We* only live to please of all mankind ;  
In *your* delight *our* sole reward we find ;  
On this auspicious evening let us hail  
Glad omens that our efforts may prevail.  
Your kind applause, the dearest good we know,  
Long may we merit, long may you bestow.

A. N. L.



*WILDS OF THE WEST, August, 1821.*

THAT child of Heaven, who first from nature  
page,  
Enrich'd the drama, and improv'd the stage ;  
Whose eagle-genius, with unclouded view,  
The human heart intuitively knew ;  
That bard, whose skill, with more than Grecian  
ease,  
Woke the sweet strain, omnipotent to please,—  
How blest, when musing with an angel's eye,  
O'er scenes depicted, years and years gone by,  
To find those scenes, amid the wreck of time,  
Still unimpaired, resplendant and sublime.

Immortal spirit ! truth's etherial fire,  
Warm'd thy pure bosom, and illum'd thy lyre,  
Around thy steps with sun-bright lustre play'd  
Disclosing garlands that can never fade !

Had Shakspeare, gazing with prophetic power,  
Look'd thro' long ages to the present hour—  
A rival star, beyond his country blest,  
The bard had seen, careering in the west,—  
A distant orb, emerging from the deep,  
To shame the meteor of the ocean-steep.  
E'en here the giant of the lay had traced,  
An infant Athens, mid the watery waste ;  
A speck of empire, bright'ning on the wild,

Bear to the Muse—the birth-place of her child ;  
Where virtue garnish'd, with the flowers of song,  
Should bloom forever—and delight as long.

Yet now, tho' borne to yonder heav'n, behold  
The British minstrel, strike his harp of gold !  
Hail'd with a joy, to mortal sense unknown,  
Worth due to him, and glory all his own.

Within these walls, beneath this spreading dome,  
So late to taste a harbour and a home ;  
Where ruin veil'd the loveliest scenes of art,  
By Heav'n designed to humanize the heart,  
The great magician of the lyre, again  
May mark in pride, the triumph of his strain ;  
Survey the pile, whose roof at midnight gleam'd,  
In all its grandeur, from the dust redeem'd.

Ye who are wont with wisdom's pure design,  
To crowd this temple, and surround its shrine—  
Say with what joy, what warmth of feeling now,  
You throng the threshold to perform your vow ?  
Say with what transport, yet on earth unfelt,  
Your bosom's swell—your heart's rejoicing melt,  
That truth's abode, at virtue's welcome call,  
Should rise in strength—the lovelier from its fall.

Here, though the storm of desolation beat.  
To whelm awhile life's innocent retreat,—  
The bird of peace, thro' skies no longer dark,  
Returns in triumph to your happy ark !

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NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1821.

'Twas midnight, and the dark clouds hung arou  
The brow of Heav'n, and silence reign'd profound  
When from these walls the flames were seen to ri  
And rush in awful splendour to the skies—  
To each surrounding height, to ev'ry wave  
Th' ascending blaze reflected beauty gave,  
And o'er the near extensive landscape threw,  
Soft as the Sun's last beams, its golden hue—  
Then burst appalling with its giant form—  
As the dread lightnings glare amid the storm—  
And when the terrors of the night were gone,  
And o'er the fallen pile the morning shone,  
All lay in ashes save this stately wall,  
Which tower'd unhurt above the wreck of all ;  
Like the lone pyramid along the waste—  
Triumphant o'er the scene its grandeur traced.  
Ye, who 'mid ruins and devouring fire  
Behold, dismay'd, the muses' fane expire,

mourn'd to bid those well lov'd scenes adieu,  
Whose fond remembrance pictur'd to the view ;  
When o'er that dark hour the veil is drawn,  
Brighter hours and fairer prospects dawn :  
Night 'tis your's to listen and preside,  
And o'er this dome in all its ancient pride  
The silent muse resumes her peaceful reign,  
Shakspeare lives in nature's scenes again.  
Otway, Young and Dryden's magic art  
Reverses, again to storm and melt the heart :  
When Apollo holds his classic court,  
Where Genius, Taste and festive Wit resort ;  
Where Fancy leads us by her mystic sway,  
And hearts spontaneous nature's call obey ;  
Where scenes, that rob'd in moral grandeur shine,  
And bosom soften, elevate, refine ;  
Where high impassion'd youth of crime beware,  
And learn to suffer and more nobly dare ;  
To cause the tears, o'er sorrows feign'd that flow,  
To stream anew at scenes of real woe,  
And bids of the Drama ! rear'd by whose acclaim  
The poet's genius lives, the actor's fame,  
To let the scenes, our days of old that grac'd,  
Be allow'd still by your approving taste :  
Let us here, as long we've proudly done,  
Possess the partial smiles our efforts won,  
And o'er our annals be it your's to cast  
A higher splendour than adorn'd the past—  
To laud, when playful satire's shafts essay—  
To wit the reigning follies of the day ;

Let not frivolity usurp the place  
Of genuine nature, and of classic grace ;  
And as you hail the stranger to our shore,  
Be just, and bid our native talent soar.  
And say, while genius thus aspires to far,  
Shall valor's brow, no wreathed honors clad,  
No verse record, no lofty pæans tell,  
Who shone in triumph, or in glory fell ?  
Yes, and while here victorious garlands bloom  
To crown the hero or adorn his tomb,  
Each voice shall hail the scene with loud  
Each heart swell proudly in our country's  
Thus, while these monuments of taste and  
Our wealth and genius to the world impart  
'Twill be your fame, ye guardians of our  
To waft it's glories to a distant age.

## ADDRESS.

*Written by a Lady.*

'HERE is the land to patriot pride most dear,  
 t virtue loves, and truth shall long revere,—  
 clime renown'd for every generous art,  
 t sweetens life, and purifies the heart!  
 ere, but beneath the sun of freedom plac'd,  
 hin the bounds of genius and of taste?  
 o does not hail that hallow'd spot of earth,  
 childhood's pride—the country of his birth!  
 empire youthful in the race of fame;  
 old in glory—Heaven-aspiring aim!

and of the Free! 'tis thine with liberal care  
 cherish worth, in those who nobly dare  
 weave a garland for the wise and just,  
 flowers perennial blooming o'er their dust,—  
 wreath whose leaf rich verdure shall retain,  
 en tomb and tablet court the eye in vain!  
 what blest realm so worthily belong,  
 e light of science, and the life of song!  
 ere, since the muse of Grecian fire bereft,  
 ' classic mansion in Ionia left,  
 s purer tribute to her charms been paid,  
 an freedom's genius proffer'd to the maid?

F

Behold this temple, sacred to her strain,  
From ruin rais'd, to glorious pomp again.  
What happier proof can bounteous heaven require,  
Of virtuous feeling, friendly to the lyre ?  
Here the great fathers of dramatic song,  
Have lived in verse, and yet shall flourish long,—  
Their spirit breathe in Shakspeare's glowing  
thought,  
Warm'd with a ray from truth and nature caught ;  
A ray whose power remains thro' every age,  
To shed undying lustre on the stage !

Muse of the drama ! though thy bright career,  
Awhile grew dim to gazing transport here—  
Tho' ruin smote the dwelling of thy child,  
When peace and honour in the prospect smil'd,—  
The heart of joy can hail thy reign restored,  
That dwelling proof to the destroyer's sword ;  
The eye of pride repose in fondness still,  
On scenic grandeur, and dramatic skill !

## PETERSBURG VA. 1821.

When classic Greece, triumphant o'er her foes,  
In wit and love, majestically rose ;  
Then, from a deep obscurity, the stage  
Came forth successful o'er a barbarous age !  
Weak at the first, and destitute of grace,  
The scenic muse unveiled her tragic face ;  
Till daring Eschylus in grandeur shone,  
And soft Euripides in milder tone !  
That taught the strain in bolder flights to glow,  
And this to melt in tenderness of wo !  
While gentle Sophocles, with sweetest art,  
Won every feeling of the yielding heart !

Then, too, Thalia rear'd her mimic scene,  
The scourge of frailty, and of mirth the queen !  
Aristophanes from the throng she drew,  
And bade him call each failing into view ;  
Catch all the various passions as they start,  
And laugh down folly to amend the heart !


Rome, too, when boasting her ascendant star,  
While Grecian glories decked her cars of war,  
Amid the rage of strife, the shouts of fame,  
Secured the drama from a reckless flame ;  
Cherished the nymph, who roused her to admire,  
And dare to emulate the Grecian lyre !



The stage, through every varying age and clime  
Has gathered vigour from increasing time ;  
Beneath its care, has guilt been taught to know  
The bliss of virtue, and of vice the wo ;  
The thoughtless taught their errours to despise,  
And shame to blush, and weakness to be wise !

In this proud land where generous science reigns  
Where superstition trembles in her chains,  
Say shall the stage regret that want of taste,  
Which checks her sway, and lays her beaut  
waste ?

No! the bright glass, where every one may view  
His form and feature, is upheld by you.  
Behold the pile, which on your aid relies,  
Like a new phoenix from her ashes—rise!  
Here, where we gained your liberal smiles before  
We ask your leave to court the muse once more  
To tread the mazes of the scene quite through,  
And seek, each night, a mental feast for you!  
Here shall the comic strain exert its power,  
In harmless mirth to laugh away an hour ;  
No line debased, shall court a wanton zest,  
Nor smile lascivious pain the stainless breast !  
The tragic muse shall all her toils conduct,  
To guide the passions and the mind instruct ;  
No subject lewd shall from her pen be wrung,  
Nor line obscene shall tremble from her tongue.  
But man be taught, his storm of trial past,  
That virtue triumphs over vice at last.



Thus, from our scenic garden, we will spread  
The choicest fruit of every fruitful bed;  
For our support we turn to you alone,  
And, "if we grow, the harvest is your own!"  
For all our labours, in so proud a cause,  
Your smiles our hope; our victory—your applause!

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NEWPORT, R. I. 1821.

In elder time, ere yet the tragic art,  
Had taught the drama to instruct the heart;  
Wild mirth, unschool'd, ran riot to excess,  
And chaster frolic, wore a doubtfull dress:  
The feast, the fight, the dance went featly on,  
And sports of corp'ral wit was all the ton;  
While blythe Minerva, with a store of plays,  
Was left unnoticed, in those rustic days.  
Rough and ill favour'd was new nature then,  
And crime and slaughter but the sport of men,  
Who copying nature, from her vilest mould,  
Increased the savage to an hundred fold.  
The stinted harvest, had no certain lord,  
And owned no master, but the sharpest sword;

While each rude ruffian of superiour force,  
Or killed or pardoned at his sovereign choice.  
Sleep fled the land, a pray to doubting fear,  
And arts lay shaking, 'neath the lifted spear ;  
While robber bands, yet stalk'd with purple awe,  
And strength of muscle, gave the world its law.

Confederate man, beheld the wasted plain,  
His vineyards plundered, and his cattle slain ;  
Then seized his arms, to check the growing  
weight,

And pledged his person to support the state.  
The drama, caught the Heaven inspired theme,  
And mingled praises, with the faulchions gleam ;  
New nerved each hero's arm, with patriot flame,  
And chiefs that plunder'd once, now fought for  
fame !

Then arts revived, with all her drooping train ;  
And nodding harvests teemed with yellow grain ;  
Earth's farth'rest bounds, by science was explored,  
And captive ocean in man's service roared.  
Nor yet, the drama, check'd its useful course,  
But plunged on vice with still increasing force ;  
On fraud, on crime, it railed with noble rage,  
And lop'd the vices of the bloated age.  
At ghostly lechers, withered, lean and dry,  
And crafty rogues, demurely grave and sly,  
It points the finger, with indignant shame ;  
Nor 'scapes the wretch, who steals another's name.  
Whose 'Hell kite' bosom, smiles with villain art,  
And licks the dagger that impaled a heart.

Thus has the drama rul'd, for ages long,  
Improving nature, with her chasten'd song;  
And where the laws could not with force preside,  
Her biting satire has their place supplied.  
For this once more, our new erected dome,  
Lifts its gay splendours o'er its ashy tomb;  
And tunes again Apollo's heavenly lyre,  
Rich with soft numbers, and celestial fire!

And now, descending soul, of Avon's bard,  
(With holy oil, and rev'rend gifts prepared;) .  
Annoint this house, with pious off'rings fit;  
And pour libations, of thy copious wit;  
Shed o'er our actor's souls thy vital flame;  
And consecrate anew these bards to fame;  
So shall they last, the instructors of the age,  
And live immortal, as thy sacred page.  
And long as earth, and sea, and Heaven remain,  
Be Shakspeare worship'd, in this hallow'd fane!

## ADDRESS.

If ruins covered with the mould of time  
Can animate the breast with thoughts sublime ;  
If o'er the hoary dust of crumbling fanes  
The hallowed power of inspiration reigns ;  
And reverence for the silent lonely scene,  
Where grandeur, life and beauty *once have been*,  
Proceeds from fond remembrance of the past,  
Sure these, with not one hue of age o'ercast,  
Here, in this spacious dome, all glowing bright,  
Must charm the soul with visions of delight.

Here fancy need not seek amusement's tomb,  
To rake its slumbering relick's from the gloom ;  
But, freely may on *living* joys regale.  
Drink varied raptures—pleasures never stale—  
And through the perspective of distant years,  
Behold this still the asylum of our cares.

To you, ye friends of genius, taste, and art,  
Belong the generous hand—the expanded heart !  
These can, these will, our boldest hopes sustain,  
If we, ourselves, make not their influence vain.

Though high the splendid goal at which we aim,  
And gained by toils that arduous efforts claim ;  
Yet such the allurements that its glories shed—  
So strong the flame by which our zeal is fed—  
That o'er the opposing steeps we hope to rise,  
And on their summit grasp the effulgent prize !  
'Tis not the bubble of a pompous name  
We seek—but virtuous and substantial fame.  
Our motives let not slander's tongue malign,  
Their purpose is to enlighten and refine ;  
To breathe through virtue's nerves resistless might,  
And wither vice with an o'erwhelming blight,  
No dread arena this, where swords must gleam  
In gladiatorial fray—and life-blood stream  
From human breasts—where man with beast  
Is joined in conflict dire, the rage to feast  
Of hungry cruelty. These be the sports  
Of barbarous vassals, and tyrannic courts.  
Here, pure and lovely as a vestal bride,  
Each goddess of the drama shall preside  
Obedient to their will, the task be ours  
To waft to you their rich poetic flowers ;  
Entrance the soul with Music's heavenly flow,  
And pluck from aching hearts the fangs of wo ;  
Yield pining genius its appropriate meed,  
Call forth the lofty thought—the gallant deed—  
Bid man disdain to bow his soul to earth—  
But, mindful of his high eternal birth—  
Each grovelling artifice, indignant, spurn  
And through life's sphere an orb of glory burn !—

Here Freedom's shrine shall breathe its sweet  
fume,

And patriot feelings take deep root and bloom  
Not only bloom—but bear a fruit whose taste  
Shall Slavery's limbs convulse—his heart-  
waste!

Here, too, Columbia's genius, roused to flame  
Shall pledge its blood to guard her sacred far  
And here, bright daughters of this lovely land  
We look for garlands wove by beauty's hand  
T' intertwine perennial honours round our brow  
Reward our toils—and consecrate our vows!

**—**

*PHILADELPHIA, August, 1840*

THOUGH from us fled awhile—again  
Our patron-muse resumes her reign.  
As, after winter's blights are past,  
Young spring comes lovelier than the last;  
And nature's renovating hand,  
From death wakes life, throughout the land;  
So, though our house in ruins lay,  
*Builders* so well have played their play,

That, like a favourite song encored,  
*PARK THEATRE* is now restored.

And there's more restoration,—thus,  
Our patrons are restored to us.  
Kind friends! accept our grateful thanks—  
We marshal here our Thespian ranks ;  
Not, soldier-like, our blood to waste ;  
But live, to serve the public taste :  
Nature to nature's self display ;  
The passions of the soul pourtray ;  
Bring virtue's loveliness to view ;  
Apply to vice the lash that's due ;  
Devote our powers to honour's cause,  
And strive, with zeal, to merit—your applause.  
Nor shall we ask a vain—we know,  
As we deserve, you will bestow.  
Fame is the life-spring of our art ;  
For this did *GARRICK* act his part :  
And thus to shine in future light,  
Did the immortal *SHAKESPEARE* write.  
Cheered by your smile and fostering hand,  
Here, in Columbia's favoured land,  
The muses with their heavenly fire,  
Some future Shakspeare shall inspire,  
T'osing of deeds of valour done ;  
Of freemen's battles nobly won ;  
Liberty's triumph—best of all,  
Tyranny's everlasting fall.



Sacred shall bloom in classic fame,  
Each patriot's, and each hero's name.  
And thus shall live in glowing song,  
Rivers that nobly roll along!  
Cataracts more awful and sublime,  
Than those of any other clime ;  
Ocean-like lakes, whose waters spread,  
Translucent o'er their chrystal bed,  
A mirror, in which Heaven may view,  
Its own eternal arch of blue ;  
Mountains, whose lofty summits rise,  
Proudly aspiring towards the skies ;  
And smiling fields whose fertile soil  
Rewards the hardy freeman's toil :  
And noble works of art—I shall  
Name only one—the *GRAND CANAL*.  
Such are the themes which shall engage  
The poet's pen—and grace the stage.  
Wisdom already sheds her ray  
To light the sons of freedom's way.  
And this, our land as famed shall be,  
For *SCIENCE*, as, 'tis now, for *LIBERTY*.

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AUGUST—1821.

If o'er the world through every clime, we range,  
And study men and manners as they change ;  
Peruse the moral, search the historic page  
Of every nation, and of every age ;  
This precious truth throughout the whole we find  
Amplify confirm'd, and known by all mankind ;  
' Nations will flourish, nations will decay,  
As virtue triumphs, or as vice bears away.'  
What then is vice or virtue, well to ken,  
Becomes the interest or the task of men ;  
This to promote and cherish, that discard ;  
And give to each its merited reward ;  
From useful plants to cull pernicious weeds,  
As the skill'd gard'ner in his toil proceeds.

But by our fallen nature slaves to vice,  
And prone to evil as the sparks to rise,  
Now hope, now fear, our wav'ring minds assail  
As truth or falshood, right or wrong prevail.  
So the wreck'd vessel, by the tempest tost,  
Her rudder useless, or her seamen lost,  
This way and that, uncertain, devious sails,  
*The shuttlecock of waves and toy of angry gales.*

To aid our efforts, teach the course to run,  
What good to covet, and what ill to shun,

G

Reason, our noblest attribute, is given,  
A tutor here on earth—a guide to heaven.  
If heedless *straying* o'er the fields of youth,  
'Tis she recalls us to the path of truth ;  
When lost amidst the mountain wilds of age,  
Her beacon light is rais'd, our view to engage ;  
By various means she seeks to lead us back  
And keep us safe, in duty's smoothest track ;  
Nor last, nor least, of all her varied arts,  
To improve our manners, and to mend our hearts  
The stage displays its fascinating charms,  
By terror chills us, or by pity warms :  
In solemn lectures greatest crimes are blamed,  
But minor faults by ridicule are shamed.

Here sneaking av'rice, hies to view the scene  
Beholds how vain his hoarding, and how mean.  
The cruel 'Tyrant sees his crimes pourtray'd ;  
And *almost* pities the distress he made :  
His country's curses, and his country's tears  
Distract his thoughts, and wreck his soul with fears.

Here jaundiced jealousy perceives his wrong,  
How weak the proofs he once esteemed so strong,  
And learns by sad example, well display'd,  
Presumptive facts should be with caution weigh'd.  
Licentious lust, is also taught to know  
Moments of *guilty* bliss, cause years of *bitter* woe.

Here wicked wild ambition humbled lies ;  
And the curs'd Infidel unpitied dies.  
Here youth are taught to shun the gamester's wiles,  
The drunkard's baseness and the harlot's smiles :—  
While here the noblest virtues stand confest,  
And emulation fires each feeling breast.  
Thus, as it were condens'd, the world we view,  
And taught by precept and example too,  
If not made better, by the prospects shewn,  
The art is blameless, and the fault our own.

X. P.

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## ADDRESS,

*Written in Philadelphia.*

FAR in the east, where new born suns unfold  
Their glowing orbs, and tint the heavens with  
gold,  
The infant drama rose, uncouth and rude,  
To lull the social hour—to charm the solitude.  
Transferr'd to Greece ! Oh liberty thy light  
Rose o'er the stage, refulgent to the sight ;  
Nature, unrobed, presided o'er the shrine,  
And taught the tragic muse her march divine ;

While playful, over Calliope she threw  
The loves and laughs of pleasure's smiling crew.  
Oh Italy! thy Roscius lived, and thou  
With histrionic glories wreathed thy brow;  
While to the west, the muses still advance,  
And tread thy stage, thou gay and glorious France.

But hark! what sounds from Avon's shores arise,  
What bright bird sails along her liquid skies?  
Ha! 'tis the swan of Avon; now she sings  
Of battles, routs, lost kingdoms, fall'n kings;  
Now pouring down her mournful notes amain,  
Of woman's woes she moans, and youthful heroes  
    slain;  
Again her notes on radiant pinions soar,  
In pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war;  
While love, ambitious, wafts along the strain,  
And melting virgins hear—nor hear in vain:  
Hark they are his,—his native wood-notes wild,  
Sweet Avon's Shakspeare! Nature's darling child!

Swell'd with the wealth of ev'ry orient clime;  
Deck'd with the spoils of genius and of time;  
Bright o'er the Atlantic's surge and silvery foam;  
The muse of Europe seeks a western home.  
Here, from her rosy hand, she scatters free  
The boasts of Grecian art. of Roman liberty;  
All that the glittering wit of France has wrought,  
And all that British genius ever thought.

What Johnson, Fletcher, Rowe, or Otway sung,  
 Though we no more shall hear it from the tongue  
 Of Cooke       \*       \*       \*       \*.

Lamented Cooke ! thy spirit seeks its God—  
 Thy body sleeps beneath the grass-green sod :  
 There shall the child of nature love to weep,  
 And scatter roses o'er that dreamless sleep :  
 But memory calls the figure to the scene,  
 And fancy pictures what thou once hast been ;  
 Wakes from the dead stern Richard's tyrant form,  
 Or shakes with Lear, while howls the pit'less  
                   storm ;

Rankles like Shylock in his heart of hell,  
 And avarice trembles—thou didst play it well !  
 Dramatic master ; aye, the play—the thing  
 To deal the guilty heart its well earned sting.  
 Great school of morals ! here the nobly good  
 For liberty, for virtue shed their blood.  
 Here tyrants fall ; here Brutus stands alone,  
 Far, far above each vain imperial throne.

Country of Washington ! land of the free !  
 The muses of the drama turn to thee ;  
 To thee, the home of genius, virtue, art,  
 Of public spirit ! of the freeborn heart !  
 Here in her temple call thee to adore,  
 Those bright examples Europe lov'd before ;  
 Or charm away, by fancy's brilliant scene,  
 The hydra forms of folly and of spleen :

For this they claim protection. Here they stand,  
Not trammell'd, as in many another land,  
Free, as thy starry banner in the breeze,  
Free, as thy eagle o'er unconquer'd seas,  
Free, as thy air. They ask thee to defend  
Her cause : for she is freedom's—virtue's friend.

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NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1821.

FRIENDS and protectors of the Drama's weal !  
Could you awhile the actor's transport feel,  
When, home to him, the stage he treads again,  
Whence, long exiled he viewed the blasted fane,  
Scarcely were language needful to disclose  
The grateful joy, with which his heart o'erflows ;—

As reared for you he marks new arches bend ;  
The swelling dome the graceful shafts ascend  
And sees your brilliant throng the precincts fill,  
Who, Peers of Taste, exert a sovereign will,  
To your tribunal now he makes appeal,  
No common fervour gives him ready zeal.  
A noble purpose bids him nobly dare,  
*He pleads the Drama's cause and asks your care.*

Her, ignorance and prejudice assail,  
Nor abstract force nor mental worth avail ;  
Your strength must stiff-necked prejudice command,

Your power bid purblind ignorance understand.  
From out the vulgar herd your chosen few,  
Will with small energy such foes subdue ;  
And conquering win the realm of taste supreme ;  
Where *Public Spirit* like our northern stream  
Diffuse with feeble wave, or brawling loud  
In shallow vehemence, then rolling proud,  
A headlong cataract to the vast below,—  
Shall in one steady channel learn to flow ;  
Whose glorious waters shall opposing sweep  
Each ruder vestige to the distant deep.  
And smoothe its fickle bosom's level plain,  
The deep'ning draught of genius to sustain ;  
And where some fearless spirits dare explore,  
Yield up untried, its rich exhaustless store.

Then public spirit chastened and restrained,  
Shall give resources which the patriot drained.  
From meaner springs, and nerve his doric arm,  
To prop the state and guard from foreign harm.  
Then to our Country's boast, her beauteous fair !  
The aspiring current shall an influence bear,  
Till all her powers of mind uncheck'd expand,  
To spread the sweet contagion round our land ;  
The pride, the ornament of bower and hall,  
Perfection's crown ! Ionic Capital !



That thus the Drama may superior rise,  
Light of the thoughtless, beacon of the wise,  
Soar with keen wit, with native genius shine,  
And distance stars enthusiasts deem divine ;—  
Within the narrow sphere our strength may claim,  
Still shall we make her success all our aim ;  
For this from Nature's pages ever draw,  
Each act's close interest and each gesture's law ;  
Changeless her codes, and should we swerve from  
    them,  
Your stern arena's censure will condemn.

Think then these walls no more left black and  
    grey,  
(A pile of grandeur snatched from brief decay,)  
Are as the portals of the mighty arch,  
Which taste will raise, the trophy of his march ;  
The corner stone your generous impulse laid,  
Firm shall we strive the great intent to aid ;  
To your just patronage our hopes confide,  
While reasoning heads and thundering hands de-  
    cide. E.

*NEW-YORK, 1821.*

ODE.

I.

**HAIL**, to the drama ! hail once more !  
 Hail, the fair crowd ! the buskin'd floor !  
 On high a fabric rears its gilded beams ;  
 Columbia's eagle soars above the flames ;  
                     And lo ! the page  
                     Of every age,  
 Walks active into life again :  
                     The hero dies—  
                     An army flies—  
 Proud virtue breaks the tyrant's chain.

II.

On Attic plains, there erst appear'd  
 A sacred band, whom Greeks rever'd.  
 By Thespis lead, they taught the verse to flow,  
 The story'd rhyme, due movement first to know.  
                     Of gods they sang ;  
                     The pæans rang,  
 With drum and tabor, round each shrine :  
                     The Grecian host,  
                     In raptures lost,  
 Would loud the sounding choirs join.

## III.

The clouds gap'd wide, the portals oped,  
Forth rush'd a grim Tartarean troop ;  
Amazement, terror, screams of wild affright,  
From list'ning Athens own'd an actor's might.  
Then lofty Rome  
Rebuilt her dome,  
As Roscius brought her chiefs from Heav'n ;  
And Britains lift  
Their haughty crest,  
Whilst Shakspeare's ancient monarchs reign.

## IV.

But western worlds assume the stage ;  
Their scenes adorn the modern age.  
And here, long since, have walk'd the mazy rout  
Performers great, in tragic deeds renown'd.  
Hobgoblins yell'd,  
And Hecate call'd  
Her hov'ring spirits from the winds,  
As onward strode,  
In vict'ry's road,  
Our country's father, and mankind's.

V.

And oft, th' illusive scene display'd,  
 How plots of murd'rous knights were laid;  
 Sweet innocence accus'd, and doom'd to death,  
 And dragg'd away. "See," says the whisp'ring  
 breath,

"She dies. she dies!

"Theresa dies!

"On dungeon bars she droops her head.

"Destruction seize

"Their foul decrees!

"Black horrors curse that ruthless lord!"

VI.

And shall th' indignant bosom glow,  
 And tears of pity, vainly, flow?  
 And shall the patriot feel his soul on fire,  
 And not the battle's smoke and din desire?

"Injustice down!

"Let freedom reign!

"Ye ministers of kings beware!

"To arms! our cry,

"To arms, we'll fly;

"America has known her heroes dare!"

## VII.

Such is the stage, and such its pow'rs,  
And such may be, forever, ours !  
Eloquence may swerve the wild and giddy throng  
Or music bear the captive thoughts along ;  
    But acting plays,  
    Frail man displays,  
His faults, his punishment, his pain :  
    Himself he sees,  
    Dismay'd he flees  
Back from his heedless course to ruin.

• • • • •

*Mount-Holler, N. J. August, 1821.*

WHEN ages long involv'd in clouds of night,  
First hail'd the glow of intellectual light,  
And gloomy darkness quickly pass'd away,  
Before the dawning of a brighter day,  
The drama rose, its power at once confest,  
Lord of the thinking mind and feeling breast,  
Admiring thousands saw, delighted felt  
Its magic spell, around it beauty dwelt  
And breathed enchantment on the enraptur'd mind,  
Made genius cherish'd, manners more refin'd,  
Bid hallow'd virtue wear a softer dress,  
And nature smile in all her loveliness.  
Fair Greece tho' on thy long deserted shore,  
Learning's bright ray has set to rise no more,  
Tho' all of science, glory, pride, has fled,  
And the last throb of freedom's pulse is dead,  
Still, still the heart, shall own the favoured clime,  
Where first the drama rose in form sublime,  
And distant ages yet shall mourn the hour,  
That gave thy temples to the tyrant's power,  
Tore from thy dying grasp the muses wreath,  
And left thee cold but lovely still in death.  
To you who seek the nameless joy that charms  
The thinking mind, and every bosom warms,  
Who wish to catch one bright unfading beam,  
That sparkles still along life's lonely stream;

H

To feel that pure delight, that soothing power,  
Which lulls the anguished heart in sorrows hour,  
Bids misery hail a moment calm and blest,  
And points misfortune to a home of rest.

To you who wish to see the sparkling light,  
Of native genius break from shades of night,  
And fair Columbia's proud unsullied name,  
Stand first in letters as it does in fame.—  
To you we speak to night, and hope to find,  
Your approbation and your sentence kind,  
Grateful for favours past your friendly smile,  
Shall sweeten labour and reward our toil.  
Let rigid moralists condemn the stage,  
And envy, hatred, malice angry rage,  
If in our scenes of pictured sorrow here,  
We call from beauty's eye one angel tear,  
One holy sigh for other's wo should rise,  
A tribute worthy of its native skies,  
Long, long, the undying memory should remain  
To tell our labours have not been in vain.  
Be ours the happy task, the pleasing art,  
To touch the feelings and reform the heart,  
To mingle with life's clouds a sunny hour  
Of pleasure's glow, and with the drama's power,  
Bid virtue shine more soft more purely bright,  
And grow more lovely to the admiring sight.  
Secure from vice, the stage will ever find,  
A generous patron in each noble mind,

And ours, we fondly trust, shall ever be,  
From thought immoral and immodest, free,  
Still true to virtue and to nature's laws,  
Our best reward your smiles and your applause.

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## ADDRESS.

**ENDEARED** companions of the scenic art,  
Auspicious omens on our visions start !  
Our hopes, our enterprize, shall not be vain :  
For woman comes their purpose to maintain.

Columbia's daughters ! beautiful and kind,  
In morals pure, and elegant in mind !  
On your sweet smiles our confidence we cast,  
For they can shield us from misfortune's blast,  
Or soothe our bosoms in its withering hour,  
As morning sun-beams cheer the drooping flower.



Here, blending with the Hippocrinian band,  
Your charms, all potent, as enchantment's wand,  
Must rouse dramatic genius into flame,  
And this her temple crown with brilliant fame.

Here too, ye generous votaries of the muse,  
Columbia's sons ; with high and liberal views,  
Ye bring the incense of illumined thought  
Of hearts, with deep impassioned feelings fraught,  
To mingle in this consecration rite,  
And on her altar with our prayers unite.

While theatres, in European climes,  
Are used for propogating splendid crimes—  
To rear and to sustain despotic thrones,  
And in their thunders whelm a nation's groans.  
While these the peagantries of tyrant pride  
Before its dazzled cringing minions glide,  
And histrionic pomp essays to screen  
From indignation's glance its gorgon mien,  
In grandeur deeds of murder to emblaze,  
And varnish o'er, with parasitic praise,  
Dark monsters that on human sufferings feed,  
And, for a guilty name, make millions bleed :—  
Be it the task, the glory of our stage,  
Against oppression ardent war to wage ;  
To tear away the deamon's tinsel guise,  
That specious robe of sophistries and lies ;

Present him gorged with human blood and woes,  
And grimly smiling at a nation's throes!  
Be it our drama's boast—her loftiest pride,  
That freedom and her country are allied!  
O let our patriot fathers be her theme—  
The sacred halos o'er their tombs that beam,  
Their daring valour, constancy and zeal;  
The nerves that wielded their victorious steel;  
Their hearts of flame—their souls of purest light,  
And all the glory of their conquering might.  
Let her in solemn and impressive strains  
Pourtray Columbia's gory battle plains;  
Show what our fathers suffered—what they won—  
How like the splendours of the vernal sun,  
When from a night of darkness and of storm  
He bursts, dispensing beauty, life and form!  
They rose above the world's chaotic gloom,  
Shed joy around, and made creation bloom,  
And while the patriot virtues she inspires,  
The task be hers, to quench those wastful fires  
That blast the scenes of sweet domestic bliss,  
And change life's Eden to a wilderness;  
To show how pain and vengeance follow guilt—  
How vice brings scorn, and blood for blood is spilt.  
Z. Z.

**CHARLESTON, S. C. AUG. 1821.**

**WHEN** splendid Drury sunk beneath the flame  
A nobler Phoenix rose with equal fame,  
The world of taste its patronage extends  
And crowd the temple with unnumber'd friends ;  
Each liberal founder and the Thespian train  
Forget their losses in the plenteous gain.  
We too have seen the fell destroying guest,  
Our scenic glories buried in the dust :  
More keenly felt the ruin when it broke,  
\*As less prepar'd to meet the fearful stroke.  
Yet undismay'd the desolation view,  
Our griefs we banish, and our hopes renew,  
Like Drury's too—our generous patrons join  
Erect a brighter fane—a richer shrine—  
Safety and splendour gracefully unite,  
Ensuring tranquil ease and pleasing sight :  
While magic music with enlivening sound,  
Tunes every heart—and spreads content around ;  
Thus to oblivion dash misfortune's train,  
Enjoy existence, and revive again,  
Here too, *our* world of taste, with native grace  
And native goodness crown'd this favour'd place ;  
Here spotless beauty beams with winning smile,  
And manly energy, unbends from toil.

\* Drury Theatre was insured.

Again your Thespian band, with joyful heart  
Resume the buskin, and display their art ;  
Expel the tyrant—blast his proud career ;  
And crown the patriot to his country dear—  
Expose designing villany to shame—  
And honor virtuous worth with sterling fame ;  
From base hypocrisy withdraw the veil,  
And snatch the flaming brand from bigot zeal,  
Nor shall the vicious follies of the age  
Escape the lash, and laughter of the stage,—  
Yet not to satire and to praise confined,  
We range through all the *universe of mind*.  
Draw from each clime its choice dramatic lore,  
And graft th' exotics on our native shore.  
In fields of fancy, cull the sweetest flowers,  
And plant their roses in congenial bowers.  
Where Shakspeare, Otway, Johnson, Fletcher,  
bloom,  
And wit and learning shed their rich perfume ;  
But Shakspeare most—the child of heav'nly birth  
Immortal shines, above the race of earth :  
Celestial genius, whose Promethian blaze  
Illum'd the past, and lighted future days ;  
Whose all creative, penetrating mind,  
Like Sol, could pierce and animate mankind :  
Wrapp'd in his scenes, we view the grand sublime,  
And consecrate his name, to latest time.

Thus richly furnish'd for the sumptuous feast,  
And well prepar'd to suit the public taste—  
Intent to please, ambitious to excel,  
And merit honest fame, by *acting* well;  
With due respect; we rest our dearest cause,  
And hope a verdict, in your lov'd applause.

M. M.

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AUGUST, 15th, 1821.

WAK'D by thy breath, O ! freedom ! when she  
sprang  
To being first, the drama's genius sang  
Wild as thy quick'ning spirit ! blooming where  
Her youth was fostered, by her parent's care,  
She lingered till the sun of Athens bow'd,  
With struggling beamings to oppression's cloud ;  
Then, from the lurid dawn of slavery's day,  
Fled with the liberties of Greece away !

The heavenly sisters ere old Athens' wane,  
Fashioned the stage, to live the lasting fane,

Where homage to each attribute they own,  
Worship in peace and beauty! 'tis the throne  
Of Genius! and her altar! where she earns  
The first-fruit off'rings of the soul, and burns  
Her spirit-incense, sacrifice to heaven!  
'Tis here that to the mind of man is given,  
Creative o'er itself, to hold and wield  
A sway divine! and truth and fiction yield  
Their hands in fellowship! and man may see  
A finite earnest of infinity,  
Bloom in his soul's work here, where he may meet  
The essential being of his mind's conceit  
In his own brother! yea! demanded back  
By souls like sentient, the eternal track  
Of travell'd ages is retrod, and here  
To our combined recognizance appear,  
The prison'd spirits of the captive past,  
Freed from oblivion's durance, where amass'd  
By miser-minded time's all grasping might,  
They slept beyond the pale of mem'ry's sight.

With these along, come from the grave's repose  
The bright creations of the minds of those,  
Whose god-like light of soul is beaming still  
In ministry to man—all that the will  
Of genius, blossoming in every age,  
Are brought to life and light upon the stage—  
Disclose the fate of vice—show virtue's power,  
And give us life's experience in an hour!

When bright improvement solved the mental  
night  
Of blinded Europe, first in grace and might  
The drama shone—though rob'd in glory there,  
Still pined her spirit for its infant air :  
She breathes it in our country ! where as free  
As frolic whirlwinds on the bounding sea,  
Th' immortal mind unsway'd by mortal nod,  
Hears not a mandate but the voice of God !  
Ever the drama with improvement wends,  
As time leads onward ! turning to her friends,  
We ask this night the off'ring of your smile  
To her, to hallow this renascent pile—  
Where lives destruction's impotence display'd ;  
For genius triumphs in improvement made !

Improvement's dawn, waked where Hyperion's  
beam,  
Blossoms with morning life ; its evening gleam,  
Shall from our hemisphere its radiance cast,  
Fairer than all its eastern-beaming past !  
And coming ages, by its power caress'd,  
Shall turn in worship to the glowing west !  
'Till wane with time its beams—and waneing pour  
Their last, best influence on Columbia's shore !

## ADDRESS.

*The author's name mislaid.*

THOUGH lost awhile to this, the muses' seat,  
Once more, kind patrons, here once more we meet.  
To wasting flames you saw this dome consign'd,  
Where reason's feast gave pleasure to the mind :  
If wasting flames deprived you of the play,  
This night restores what fortune snatched away,  
Improved in all the drama's votaries prize,  
Nor rigid reason would, itself, despise.

Be it yours no longer to regret the past,  
And ours to find amusement to your taste ;  
Ours is the hope to merit all you give,  
And gain your favour, as by you we live.  
Ours be the task, unmoved by smiles or spleen,  
To grace each art, and live through every scene.

What changes pass on time's unsettled stage,  
Events how various mark each following age.  
Perhaps *this spot*, where Thespis takes her stand,  
Once held a wigwam in a savage land ;  
Its surly chief an angry visage bore,  
And war and slaughter stain'd his path with gore ;  
His boiling veins with poisonous rancour swell'd,  
And where compassion touch'd, the hand rebell'd.



Here once, perhaps, with dart or bended bow,  
he savage prowld three centuries ago ;  
Where painted tribes their swarthy mates possess'd,  
With love's fine flame a stranger to the breast.  
Here stroll'd the native and his hideous squaw,  
And rul'd his female with despotic law.  
No right she claim'd that guardian nature gave,  
By tyrant custom dwindled to a slave.  
Such was their doom!—to chace the timorous deer,  
Dislodge the elk, or circumvent the bear,  
Belong'd to men—to craft and warfare bred,!  
Through gloomy groves their vagrant tribes they led,  
Ere Hudson's galley pass'd Manhattan's isle,  
Or England's sceptre sway'd the Indian soil.

Behold the change! where grew the shaded wild,  
And simple nature, solitary, smiled,  
Now social manners, peace, and commerce reign,  
And pleasures meet, with plenty in their train ;  
Now spires ascend, and splendid streets appear,  
And beauty, female beauty, charms us *here*,  
With every art that human skill design'd  
To grace the person, or exalt the mind.

To pass the amusive hours that all desire,  
New plays, new subjects, justly you require ;

For these, on Europe still our stage relies,  
And Europe, Europe every want supplies.—  
Why sleeps Columbia's genius for the stage—  
Cannot one bard arise, to glad the age?  
Not one be found to abandon flimsy rhymes,  
And rise the Shakspeare of our modern times.

'Tis from the stage, in every land, we trace  
A polish'd people, or a barbarous race.  
With Greece enslaved, the Thespian spirit fail'd,  
And Rome's great drama fell, when Goths pre-  
vailed.

No more the stage its countless thousands drew,  
The wild barbarian spurnd'd the splendid shew;  
No more the tragic muse bade nations weep,  
No more the comic act lull'd care to sleep,  
A long oblivion seiz'd the enfeebled mind,  
And as the nation sunk, the stage declined.

Ye friends and patrons of the Thespian muse,  
Our failings pardon, and our faults excuse.  
Still to improve shall be our dearest aim;  
For full perfection few may dare to claim.  
Arise, young authors, of Columbia's soil,  
And give us something new, to cheer our toil!  
Thus may the muse re-animate the stage,  
And more than Shakspeare glow through every  
page.

To the Managers of the Park Theatre.

*SCOTCH-PLAINS, N. J. June 19th, 1821.*

GENTLEMEN,

From what little I have learned in the art of verse-making, at the age of 17 years, I can perceive more in the natural talent than in the extensive education of the writer. True education, gives the more fluent use of words of a high meaning, though yet, the undertaker or poet labours under much greater difficulty than he who receives his words from his own natural talent. I consider the plan of Hudibras to be perfectly correct, when he says:—

“ If you would make a speech or write one,  
Or get some person to indite one,  
Don't think because tis understood  
By men of sense, 'tis therefore good,  
But let your words so well be plann'd,  
That blockheads can't misunderstand.”

The curtain rises o'er this stage of life,  
To greet contentions, murders, wars and strife;  
To show the tricks and follies of the great  
On thrones or sofas to the cobbler's seat.

Though folly has its way and vice its course still  
run,  
Few men e'er stay to look where they begun,  
Each pushing forwards, heedless where he stops,  
All wond'ring, gaping, till the curtain drops.

Here now we see the tyrant on his throne,  
To-morrow, on that seat will set a clown ;  
Here now we see a virgin in her prime,  
To-morrow, see her cover'd o'er with crime ;  
Then next—what see we ? tis the giddy youth,  
Seeking for honors “ in the cannon's mouth ;”  
And in the end—what gains he ? but a name  
To babble round thro' each ill house of fame:  
Here see we too, what life itself would show,  
Here see the vicious—and what vice will do,  
Here see that virtue, though by vice oppress'd,  
Will gain ascendancy o'er it at last ;  
Here we the mirror up to nature hold,  
Here show the weakness of this giddy world ;  
The blindness of mankind sometime we cure,  
And show the follies of both rich and poor.

Thus runs the theme, for thus the poet sings,  
Such is this life, and such the life of Kings ;  
Subjects are out of date, for still will all connive  
To rob their subjects that themselves may live.  
But in this land, where Freedom's Eagle soars  
High o'er its rocky cliffs and sandy shores ;

Where peace and liberty their homes have made,  
Where beauty wanders 'neath the lovely shade  
Of the tall oak, the hemlock, fir or spruce—  
We all can live in harmony and peace.

Yet e'en this favour'd land is not denied  
Its share of infamy, and vice, and pride,  
View the poor Africans—a servile race,  
Doom'd to obey the whiter skin and face ;  
All menials made—oh what a vice is this,  
Oh, victims fell of avarice.  
This is not freedom, tho' in freedom's land ;  
Yet 'tis the will of fate, 'tis fate's command.

Why should not ours then, since 'tis confess'd  
Of schools, experience must form the best,  
Raise high its head, but say, still more than why,  
Why claims it not superiority.  
Here vice and folly both are shown ;  
Here truth and virtue teach their own ;  
Here man may reason, and if reason know,  
This school will true experience show.  
Here see we monarchs by bare actions crown'd—  
Here see we monarchs too by vice dethron'd—  
Here for a while we see the tyrant's reign,  
Till virtue hurls him down again.

With elements we have no fault to find,  
They are the gifts of God to all mankind ;

And though our loss has been extremely great,  
Yet are we thankful we can now refit,  
And on a generous public can rely,  
In hopes of full indemnity.

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*PHILADELPHIA, June, 1821.*

WHEN from her igneous, self-consuming bed,  
Reviv'd, the Phoenix finds extended spread,  
Those wings, which oft thro' pathless æther soar'd,  
And climes unknown to mortal ken, explor'd ;  
Joyous and pleas'd, she feels the kindling life,  
The once lost pow'rs, for rapid action rife ;  
Now shakes her downy plumes ; the earth forsakes ;  
Then swiftly to her wonted course betakes.

E'en thus we now, rejoic'd, this dome survey,  
And hail with gladden'd heart, the present day,  
Reviving once again our means of fame,  
And granting us, on your support, a claim.  
Thus, would we now, forsake the common ground,  
And thro' Shakspearean æther roam around,

Tear from the hearts of men the shroud of guile,  
And shew the villain, tho' he "smile and smile."  
Or in a lower region should we stray,  
With chasten'd mirth, we'll pass the hours away ;  
View how the princely Hal, tho' born to rule,  
'Mongst sots and ruffians lov'd to play the fool ;  
Or, mark the bloated Falstaff swear and drink,  
Or swell a bully, or a coward shrink.

Bending our flight thro' drama's beauteous grove,  
Full oft are seen the fears and pangs of love ;  
The scornful taunt, the negligent disdain,  
Causing the sweetest form, the deepest pain.  
Here should we mourn, and sympathizing, steal  
One tear from beauty's eye, our hearts to heal,  
Lest, harden'd grown, and dull each finer sense,  
To sympathy and love, we lose pretence.

Last, thro' the sprightly farce, in gamesome  
mood,  
Our flight, as oft before may be pursu'd ;  
To laugh, when hoarded wealth is trick'd to ope,  
Or when from cold Decembers, Mays clope ;  
Smile at the shifts, of prodigals reduc'd,  
Or, grey hair'd maids, who pant to be seduc'd ;  
With pleasure, list to truth, tho' dress'd in brogue,  
Or, find the man of honour cheat the rogue.

Whilst thus we strive, instruction to afford,  
Mingled with pleasure on theatric board ;  
Whilst o'er the poet's field we mount in view,  
Our trust in genius is, our hope, in you.  
Who knows, but from the favour you bestow,  
Some flow'r of choice, that else, were doom'd to  
grow  
Unheeded, on the muddy margin of the world,  
May on these boards, its blossoms own unfurl'd ;  
Shedding a fragrance o'er dramatic scene,  
Living in fame, as Garrick, ever green ?

Ye gen'rous friends of sock and buskin, hail !  
Long, may the muses' fairy power prevail ;  
And all the finer arts maintain their throne ;  
Prostrate and fall'n, with Liberty alone.  
Conjoin'd, may science, genius and taste,  
To paradise transform each howling waste ;  
And free Columbia's arts, unequall'd rise,  
"Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

S. I. T.



## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

**FRIENDS** of the drama—ye who can admire  
**A Shakspeare's genius or a Garrick's fire ;**  
**Whose tears proclaim the deathless poet's praise**  
**When his wild fancy's magic wand portrays**  
**The aged monarch by his daughters driven,**  
**To brave the fires that lit the stormy heaven ;**  
**O ye, whose breasts with patriot ardour glow,**  
**When justice lays the tyrant Richard low ;**  
**Who warm when virtue meets her due reward,**  
**Or mad ambition falls by Brutus' sword ;**  
**Say—when ye saw the raging flames arise,**  
**Chasing the night, and darkness from the skies ;**  
**And glaring ruin o'er those realms preside,**  
**Where rose the Drama's temple in its pride—**  
**When desolation seiz'd a flaming grand,**  
**And hurl'd destruction with a furious hand,**  
**Marking the muses empire for her prey,**  
**Where once they laugh'd their peaceful ho**  
                     away.

**Say—did the patroness of tragedy,**  
**And laughing Thalia from our city fly ?**  
**Her fall did fancy in the ruin see,**  
**Did genius droop, or talent cease to be ?**

Say—did the laurel wither in the shade,  
 Or the unrivall'd Shakspeare's glory fade?  
 No—for as long as day's bright orb shall rise,  
 And pour his splendour o'er the joyful skies,  
 Earth shall adore the sacred poet's flame!  
 Unfading laurels bloom to grace his name!  
 His glory smil'd at desolation's glare,  
 Defied the torch that fired the midnight air.

When monarch's titles shall no more resound—  
 Their tott'ring thrones be levell'd with the ground,  
 When fame's loud trump no more their names  
     shall tell,  
 And kingly glory bid the world farewell!  
 He shall condemn the sceptre of decay,  
 And charm the earth, while ages roll away.  
 His monument of fame shall stand sublime,  
 Unharm'd by ruin—undestroyed by time!

Altho' destruction mount her iron car,  
 And strive to cloud the drama's brilliant star,  
 His fabric bursting glorious from her pow'r,  
 Declares how transient is her longest hour!

While genius brightens by your patron care,  
 And Shakspeare's worth your fav'ring smiles de-  
     clare,  
 May we not hope there slumbers yet unborn,  
 A fire like his our country to adorn?

## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

FRIENDS of the drama—ye who can admire  
 A Shakspeare's genius or a Garrick's fire ;  
 Whose tears proclaim the deathless poet's piety  
 When his wild fancy's magic wand portrays  
 The aged monarch by his daughters driven,  
 To brave the fires that lit the stormy heaven  
 O ye, whose breasts with patriot ardour glow  
 When justice lays the tyrant Richard low ;  
 Who warm when virtue meets her due reward  
 Or mad ambition falls by Brutus' sword ;  
 Say—when ye saw the raging flames arise,  
 Chasing the night, and darkness from the sky  
 And glaring ruin o'er those realms preside,  
 Where rose the Drama's temple in its pride—  
 When desolation seiz'd a flaming brand,  
 And hurl'd destruction with a furious hand,  
 Marking the muses empire for her prey,  
 Where once they laugh'd their peaceful  
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 and pour his splendour o'er the joyful skies,  
 earth shall adore the sacred poet's flame!  
 fading laurels bloom to grace his name!  
 his glory smil'd at desolation's glare,  
 and fired the torch that fired the midnight air.

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 his fabric bursting glorious from her pow'r,  
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While genius brightens by your patron care,  
 and Shakspeare's worth your fav'ring smiles de-  
     clare,  
 say we not hope there slumbers yet unborn,  
 as fire like his our country to adorn?

May we not hope Columbia's sons shall rise,  
And from her rivals bear the glorious prize !  
Yes! she shall conquer in Apollo's wars,  
As she has conquer'd in the field of Mars !  
For when she slept beneath oppression's reign,  
Her hero rose, and broke the galling chain.  
His country's freedom nerv'd his valiant arm,  
Its might that slumber'd woke at war's alarm.  
He "*came, saw, conquer'd,*" vict'ry crown'd his  
flame,  
And with triumphant garlands deck'd his *name*—  
That *name* is WASHINGTON, his country's pride  
Fair freedoms champion, and Columbia's guide.  
With transport. mem'ry on his deeds shall gaze,  
And valour glow, while hist'ry breathes his praise.

CORYDON.

## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

SAD is the memory of that fatal night,  
When on the darkness, flashed the dazzling light,  
As blazed this dome—when burning fragments  
driven  
With glare tremendous, lit up all the Heaven,  
And such effulgent streams around are shed,  
That e'en the birds forsook their downy bed,  
With their sweet notes to greet the morning ray—  
It seemed to them the blush of opening day.  
Oh ! who can paint—indeed to paint were vain—  
The awful beauty of that midnight scene ;  
Fierce gleamed the volumed flame around the  
place,  
Gilded each spire, and shone in every face,  
And all was one illumination bright,  
Till the dome fell—and all again was night.  
Full short hath been destruction's dreary reign ;  
Th' eclipse is o'er—and now we shine again :  
And though we may not boast so clear a light,  
As radiant glows with dazzling lustre bright,  
Across th' Atlantic wave, from many a shrine,  
Rear'd to the honour of the bard divine ;  
Yet will we fondly hope, our splendour beam,  
May throw around a salutary gleam,

That here, in Freedom's land, the world may view  
"A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy *him*, and *you*;  
That here, where once the swarthy savage prowled  
And through the tangled forests, wild beasts howled  
In linked sweetness, may be softly heard,  
The rapturous music of th' immortal bard.  
What though our country boast no poet's name,  
Emblazoned high upon the scroll of fame,  
Yet, for our loss, this one thing shall atone,  
We're proud to claim a Shakspeare as our own.  
Perhaps (oh ! vision glorious to the muse's eye  
Bright'ning the gloom of dim futurity)  
Perhaps, some native genius will aspire,  
To wake the echoes of our slumb'ring lyre,  
To whom the bard of Avon's mantle given  
May lead him up invention's brightest heaven.  
Perhaps some native Garrick may arise,  
And nobly dare to bear away the prize  
Some Roman Kemble, or a Cooke, the dread  
And wonder of the stage these boards may tread  
Should such arise—and, tell us, wherefore not?  
To foster them, will be our happy lot,  
We'll nurse the youthful plant with tender care,  
And fondly guard the tree until it bear.

Our friends and patrons ! welcome once again  
Within these walls, where long we hope to reign  
Cheer'd by your smiles, borne up by your applau  
(Whose wishes we are proud to own our laws)

We'll strive some sparks of virtue to impart,  
Reform the manners, and subdue the heart,  
That thus the world, at last, may wondering, view,  
A stage that's pure, and still to nature true.

N. Y.

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## ADDRESS,

*Written at Oswego, N. Y.*

**THE** heedful merchant, when his ship is lost  
By sudden storm, on some unfriendly coast ;  
Fond of his pleasing cares, soon builds again,  
And risks a richer venture on the main ;  
With future hopes beguiles the perils past,  
Nor deems *this* ship may perish, like the last.  
So we—regardless of the recent doom  
Which wrapped our walls in flame, our hearts in  
gloom—  
Restore the ruined dome, and hail **THE NIGHT**  
Which brings anew our toils, and our delight ;  
Too happy, if your smiles our labours crown,  
And still most pleased, when most we please the  
Town.



Deep from the hidden fount of nature's laws,  
Exhaustless and unchanged, THE DRAMA draws  
Her varied stores ; and from her mirror, true,  
Reflects *man's heart* to man's astonished view :  
Reveals each secret thought, each lurking wile,  
Desires that prompt, and pleasures that beguile ;  
As reason guides or wayward fancies rule,  
Shews man, the demigod, and man, the fool ;  
And teaches—what can wisdom teach us more ?—  
TO KNOW OURSELVES—the best of human lore.

For *this*, the tragic muse, with wizard spell,  
Calls passion's giant spectre from his cell.  
He rears his brow of gloom, and protean form,  
Illumed by lightnings, bosomed on the storm,  
And strides to ill, like demon in his wrath,  
While groans betray, and ruins mark his path ;  
Till—like another Sampson, blindly strong—  
To crush the scoffing foes that round him throng,  
He whelms the temple's arch around his head,  
And dies, beneath the wreck himself has spread :  
E'en pity drops no tear upon his tomb,  
And virtue joys, yet trembles at his doom.

For *this*—with laughing mien and zone unbound  
And sylph-like form, by graces guarded round—  
The comic muse approaches, to apply  
Her bright Kaleidoscope to every eye ;

Passing with rapid glance, grotesque, but true,  
Folly's whole panorama in review,  
And teaching, as her sportive task she plies,  
Her pupils to be merry, and—be wise.

Twin-born with freedom, Reason's darling child—  
In Greece, the infant DRAMA lisped and smiled.  
Hope hailed the lovely pair, and bade them know  
To latest time, one lot of weal or woe :  
Fate heard and sealed the mandate hope had made,  
And still together bloom, together fade—  
By wisdom nourished, honored by THE FREE—  
THE DRAMA and her sister, LIBERTY.

*ROSCIUS.*

## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

OUR sun of yesterday went down in sorrow,  
But now the day-beam of a better morrow,  
Comes in the welcoming that greets us here,  
The smile of meeting dries the parting tear,  
And hopes of future pleasures, long to last,  
Banish afar sad memories of the past.

The drama wakes once more, 'tis yours to give  
Light to her coming hours, and bid her live  
Within these walls new hallow'd in her cause,  
Long in the nurturing warmth of your applause.  
'Tis in the public smiles, the public loves,  
His only home—the actor breathes and moves;  
Your plaudits are to us, and to our art,  
As is the life-blood to the human heart:  
And every power that bids the leaf be green  
In nature—acts on this her mimic scene.  
Our sun-beams are the sparklings of glad eyes,  
Our wind, the whisper of applause that flies  
From lip to lip, the heart-born laugh of glee,  
And sounds of cordial hands that ring out merrily  
And Heaven's own dew falls on us, in the tear  
That beauty weeps o'er sorrows pictured here ;

When crowded feelings have no words to tell  
 The might, the magic of the actor's spell—  
 These have been ours, and do we hope in vain,  
 Through many a year to feel them ours again ?  
 No—while the weary heart can find repose  
 From its own cares, in fiction's joys or woes ;  
 While there are open lips, and dimpled cheeks,  
 When music breathes, or wit or humour speaks ;  
 While Shakspear's master spirit can call up  
 Deepest and holiest thoughts, and brim the cup  
 Of life with bubbles bright as happiness,  
 Cheating the willing bosom into bliss ;  
 So long will those, who in their spring of youth  
 Have listen'd to the Drama's voice of truth ;  
 Mark'd in her scenes the manners of their age,  
 And gather'd knowledge for a wider stage ;  
 Come here to smile away life's summer years,  
 And warm its winter's snow with sweetest tears ;  
 And younger hearts, when ours are hush'd and  
 cold,  
 Be happy here, as we have been of old.

Friends of the stage ! who hail it as the shrine,  
 Where music, painting, poetry entwine  
 Their wedded garlands, whence this blended power  
 Refines, exalts, ennobles, hour by hour,  
 The spirit of the land ; and, like the wind,  
 Unseen, but felt, bears on the bark of mind ;  
 To you, the hour, that consecrates this dome,  
 Will call up dreams of prouder hours to come :

When some creating poet, born your own,  
May waken here the Drama's loftiest tone,  
'Through after times to echo loud and long,  
A Shakspeare of the west—a star of song,  
Bright'ning your own blue skies with living fire,  
For the world's eye to gaze on and admire ;  
Long as beneath the heavens by free winds fann'd,  
Floats the lov'd banner of your native land.



## ADDRESS,

*Written at Philadelphia,*

WELCOME once more to fiction's magic porch,  
Friends of the Drama ! fancy holds her torch  
To light you onward—enter now the fane  
To genius consecrated—where the train  
Of wit, and mirth and melody combine  
To spread their gifts, and decorate the shrine  
With all that captivates the soul and sense,  
In song, wit, poetry and eloquence.  
Here pale Melpomene, her altar rears,  
Her purest sacrifice, untutored tears ;

There joyous Thalia, bends her playful brow,  
And laughs, and listens to her votary's vow :  
While graceful, gay Euterpe, floats along  
Like breathing melody—herself a song !

Priests of her Temple ! it is ours to claim,  
A holy reverence for the Drama's fame ;  
From foul aspersions vindicate her cause,  
And guard with care her salutary laws ;  
Keep, while we minister her rites secure—  
Her altars undefil'd—her worship pure,  
Nor let unhallow'd things pollute the place,  
Sacred to Shakspeare, genius, nature, grace.

But while we close our portals to the throng,  
Of vile and venal bastard sons of song :  
Moral assassins, who remorseless fling  
Their poison'd thoughts in youth's unruffled spring,  
Trouble the fountain in its earliest flow,  
And make the tide of years—a tide of wo !  
Gladly we hail the gifted, glorious few,  
To wit, to virtue, truth and nature true—  
Promethean spirits that creates, and brings  
A fire from their own heaven, to the things  
Themselves have fashion'd—till their thoughts are  
rife  
With passion, feeling, animate with life.

These are the Drama's worshippers—and she  
Gives to them honour, immortality !

Why in the votive crowds assembled here,  
Does not our own, wild, buskin'd muse appear ?  
Have we no Otway to unlock the spring  
Of hidden tears ? No Sheridan to fling  
The bitter laughter and the biting word,  
To vice and folly keener than the sword ?  
Have we no tales of tenderness to claim  
The virgin's sigh ? No simpering fool to shame  
With his own likeness ? Does no vice demand  
A scorpion scourge, to lash it thro' the land ?  
Yes, we have tales, and fools, and vices too—  
Great is the harvest, but the labourers few.

Fair arbiters of taste ! to you belong,  
The farewell homage of our parting song ;  
Form'd to controul, yet destined but to bless,  
On your applause is pillar'd our success :  
Where'er you look attraction brightly burns—  
You breathe, and fashions vane obedient turns,  
For when *you* smile—who is there smiles not then ?  
And when *you* praise—who is there dares condemn.

## ADDRESS,

*By a Lady of Philadelphia.*

As the bird from its ashes mounts up towards the  
skies,

On pinions of golden tinged hue,

See this temple, phoenix of beauty arise,

And hail it with plaudits anew !

Hark ! the loud peal ascends, and Melpomene  
bends,

Her tear-glitt'ring eye, lighted up with a smile,

While the gay, laughing muse, her wild rapture  
pursues,

And waves o'er the temple her sceptre awhile.

If thus one\* liberal hand, rears a bright dome to  
taste,

And wealth showers on the arts her rich store,

Polished columns will mount on each dark dreary  
waste,

Where the red-chief reigned monarch before.

And genius shall be, as our bold eagle free ;

For her spirit, like his pinions, with liberty plays,

And the muses no more, be exiled from our shore,

Nor fancy sigh captive, where the spangled flag  
waves.

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\* J. J. Astor,



But wildly they'll roam, over mountain and stream,  
Every bright brow with laurel arrayed,  
For it wreaths round our hill-tops, as clust'ring and  
green

As for Avon, or Tempe it waved.  
Oh! how welcome that hour, when some sweet na-  
tive flower,

Shall blossom like Siddons, or Murray again!  
When with rapture we'll look, on our Garrick and  
Cock,

And some Shakspeare, for us, breathe his soul-  
thrilling strain.

While your manager's zeal, guards the drama thus  
chaste,

From Britannia her meteors will rove,  
And these boards, oft by Hamlets and Richards be  
graced.

Or the soft, gentle whispers of love.  
For the stranger you'll raise, a rich tribute of praise,  
Who solicits your favour, not claims it his right,  
And with garlands of fame, will encircle each  
name,

Where gratitude, honor, and merit unite.

And are these fairy visions, these daughters of  
light,

So dazzling, so lovely, your own?

Or the sea-nymph, and huntress sent hither to  
night,

Their sylphs and their graces alone ?

Columbians be proud ! proclaim it aloud !

That woman, the purest, the fairest on earth,  
Is yours, the rich treasure ! then hail with chaste  
pleasure,

The land which gave virtue and liberty birth.

And hail to our temple, 'tis charity's bower,

Faith and hope, her attendants are nigh,

Your hearts often melt, to her warm, glowing power,

While *we*, on her hand-maids rely.

Oh ! how hope's magic light, scatters spangles to  
night.

And the vista of time is illumed by her rays !

Our faith turns the while, to your warm sunny  
smile,

And swears, like heaven's bow, 'tis a symbol of  
praise.

And a kind, gracious promise, our errors to screen,

With the mantle of mercy ; while we

Pledge speed to your pleasures, in your service firm  
zeal,

And your wishes, our mandates shall be.  
Now with one round again, mingle music's loved  
strain

To our temple ; to beauty and valour ; our friends,  
And with rapturous delight, heart and hands all  
unite,

While with "Hail to Columbia," the loud peal  
ascends.

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## ADDRESS.

*Written at Philadelphia.*

WHERE these proud domes in glowing beauty  
stand.

On a lov'd soil, our own, our native land,  
The Indians once in savage wildness howl'd,  
And through vast woods their yelling echoes roll'd.  
Now, in these walls, midst scenes thus all our own,  
Rising to give the tragic muse renown,  
Glittering with pearls, in shining lustre bright,  
In dazzling splendour beaming on the sight,  
Assembled beauty circles round the stage.  
And thronging crowds th' enlivening hours engage -

With conscious pride, each fondly looks around  
On all he sees, or lists to Music's sound.

While scenes like these our glowing hearts expand,  
And admiration from the crowd command,  
Let's hope for the lov'd meliorating power  
Of civilization, through the passing hour.

Long have we listen'd with delighted ears,  
To histrionic tales of other years ;  
Shakspeare has told of Edwards and their days,  
Of Henrys too, and all their laurell'd bays,  
Discours'd most wisely here of men and things,  
And all the fam'd exploits of England's kings.  
Again may Shakspeare, in immortal verse,  
On this same stage his pleasing tales rehearse—  
Of Macbeth's fate, and all the witching throng,  
Othello's griefs, and all who suffer'd wrong—  
Delight our ears with wit, and sense refin'd,  
And wise and just remarks on all mankind.  
A host of moderns, too, have throng'd the stage,  
Who rival the sock'd muse of every age ;  
So num'rous they, their thoughts so just and true,  
To tell their names, were more than I could do.

But yet, few native bards have deign'd to tell  
The manners of the land in which we dwell—

Few of our bards, amidst of life the storm,  
Tell home-bred manners in the scenic form.  
May some true bard, whom the bold theme inspires,  
Sing of those scenes that all his fancy fires ;  
Tell of the distant journey's hardy cares,  
Where the lone wood the bold adventurer dares,  
Taking the well-form'd native by the hand,  
Now fierce no more, won by his manners bland :  
Of wilderness, and lake, and hill sublime,  
And all the wonders of our favour'd clime,  
Till rural cot, and grove, and brook, and tree,  
Make up a little tale for you and me.

May manners thus be form'd to charm the mind,  
Not food for satire, but for taste refin'd.  
As satire is a weapon of the stage,  
And should not be the foible of the age.  
Pardon us if we are ever thought severe,  
In speaking of our female manners here ;  
Beauty's the charm—wherever that we see,  
Virtue adds dignity and grace to manners free.

## ADDRESS,

*Written at Philadelphia.*

As seamen, tempest-tost and worn with toil,  
And wreck'd at length upon some distant soil,  
Though nature frown upon the dreary coast,  
Relentless winter's home; the numbing frost  
In vain the ardour of their souls would chill,  
Or freeze the hopes that every bosom fill,  
The thought of home, each yearning heart still  
warms,

And feeds the soul with mem'ry's richest charms,  
With new-form'd bark, again through waves they  
roam,

And bless the storm that drives them to a home.

Oh life—inspiring word! soul-cheering sound!

How closely to our heart's-core art thou bound!

Ah! they, who've never felt the bitter thrill

Of a lost home, are ignorant of ill!

So we, whom hostile fortune mark'd of late,

The suff'ring victims of an adverse fate,

Whose clouded prospects seem'd too dark and  
drear,

E'en to the vivid eye of hope, to clear,

By friends revived, we own their aid, the gale

That to this haven bears our shatter'd sail.

Their friends, once more the sons of Thespis greet,  
And hail them welcome to the muse's seat ;  
No vulgar feeling swells each panting heart,  
Ah ! now we feel, we act no borrow'd part :  
Now gen'rous nature challenges her due,  
And sympathetic binds our hearts to you ;  
Impetuous sweeps all other thoughts aside,  
And fills the void with gratitude and pride :  
Our gratitude ! (Ah now how feebly vain  
Are formal words !) th' occasion must explain.  
In our own house we greet our friends again !  
Hence springs our pride and that from former  
days,

We cherish still the odours of your praise.  
Genius of freedom speed the glorious day,  
When native praise shall native worth repay,  
Oh ! fire the fancy of Columbia's bards,  
Nerve them to grasp eternity's rewards ;  
Bid native actors rise and teach the age,  
The oft-felt value of the moral stage.  
Oh ! may a native Shakspeare's varied song,  
Pour the full tide of real life along,  
And show how boundless is rich nature's store,  
As unexhausted now as e'er before ;  
Teach to deform is not the poet's trade,  
To hide our species in a masquerade ;  
That wild extremes can never pourtray man,  
He's not an angel. nor yet a Caliban.  
In vain our minds would other thoughts pursue,  
For still they turn instinctively to you—

To you whose friendship is the dearest theme,  
We give a pledge our actions shall redeem.  
No wit obscene shall shock the judgment chaste,  
No grinning folly mock the public taste.  
To poesy we consecrate the dome,  
And roving fancy here shall find her home.  
Thus to your judgments we commend our cause,  
And win or lose it as we gain applause.

*FERUS.*

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ADDRESS,

*Supposed, from the delicacy of the manuscript, to  
have been written by a Lady.*

This world's a stage—and like our stage they say  
By fire shall perish, and shall pass away  
From fate's dread arm, genius nor power can save,  
And Cooke and Shakspeare, find a kindred grave;  
But from their ashes other worlds shall rise,  
And Cooke and Shakspeare glad more glorious  
skies;

Thus from our ruins, more resplendant bright  
All flush'd with hope we hail our friends to night!



The summer sun has set, the wintry storm  
Shall find us arm'd to meet his giant form,  
From top to toe. in fairy pleasures drest ;  
Our tragic torches, point we to his breast ;  
And with our comic wand and fancy's arms,  
We melt his icy heart by airy fiction's charms.

Here the fair dame, when tir'd of sermons; balls,  
From her insipid tea, and sober evening calls,  
With imag'd spells, may satisfy her taste.  
And fancy matrons like Lecretia chaste ;  
Or from her teasing dandy lover fled,  
Find far more noble hearts among the dead.  
Here trim attornies, from the prosing judge,  
From feelless clients, vacant courts, may trudge.  
And spurn'd his journal, ledger and day-book,  
The merchant freed from *change*, give us a look—  
And while bright belles te fancy's alter flock,  
Thinks he may venture to put in this stock.  
Here the bold tar from ocean or from slip,  
May see, though scorch'd we “ don't give up the  
ship.”

But like the starry banner o'er the sea,  
We wave our mimic sceptre, high and free !  
Long may our sceptre wave o'er freedom's land,  
Nor e'er be grasp'd but in a Player's hand—  
Our kings, allied with reason. wit, and mirth,  
Claim no divine command o'er all the earth ;  
They reign but by the people's will, and sway  
When you our patrons kindly say they may ;

Their champions you—Their coronation here,  
Your smile their crown, their holy oil, your tear.  
All other jewels, robes, escutcheons, flowers,  
Tho' worth as much, less innocent than ours—  
To scatter roses o'er the path of life  
And drive from social scenes' domestic strife,  
To teach the moral duties by a smile,  
And lash the offender while we laugh the while,  
To shew what generous deeds the great have done,  
What awes in Brutus, charms in Washington ;  
Warm from the breast their patriot strain to breathe,  
And twine their virtues in their glorious wreath ;  
To purify the heart, illumine the head,  
By bright examples of the illustrious dead ;  
For this from flames, our Drama is restored,  
And the twin muses walk our Phoenix board.  
Hail to the land where liberty and love,  
Beam on our hearts like fair lights from above ;  
Hail to the land where infancy and age,  
Delight to cherish an untrammell'd stage ;  
All hail the land where players and the play,  
Flourish in freedom's broad meridian day.

## ADDRESS,

*Written at Portland, Maine.*

To tell what was, and joy or grief to move,  
To melt with pity, or to warm with love,  
The drama comes, and with a strange controul  
The great tragedian elevates the soul.

Enchanting power! with thee, we seem to tread  
The shadowy reigns of the mighty dead ;  
View other climes, converse with every age,  
And see the world's true picture on the stage.  
By thee, sweet Sophocles all hearts inspir'd,  
By thee Euripides his country fir'd ;  
Where now mid ruins, in those lovely skies,  
'The maid of Athens sees a Turk and flies.  
Behold in Rome—th' eternal city call'd,  
Ere the Goth's visage every eye appall'd,  
An actor there, who taught with skill divine,  
And matchless grace the orator to shine ;  
Touch'd by his voice, e'en Cæsar's colour fled,  
And Roscius triumph'd, when a Cicero plead.

What bosom feels not the Promethean fire  
Kindling within, where Shakspeare strikes the  
lyre ?

Rous'd at the sound, the kings of England slain  
Start from the dead !—Richard's himself again :

rce York and Lancaster contend once more,  
 l deeds without a name are acted o'er ;  
 l oh—too real are the pangs that rise,  
 see the Moor's dark look—when Desdemona  
 dies !

: there no genius—no great writer here,  
 Thespian lyre to charm Columbia's ear ?  
 fogs *Batian* rest upon the mind,  
 l the warm feelings—check the taste refin'd ?  
 raid them not : nor envy British pride,  
 en British bards and Scotch reviews deride.  
 et were the minstrels of yon Druid isle,  
 folly taught a fashionable style.  
 en Rome was young—while yet her sword pre-  
 vaild,  
 he *gown'd nation*, Grecian critics rail'd ;  
 soon the graces, and the muses flew  
 ier kind arms, and bade all Greece adieu.  
 England tell her thousand years of fame,  
 on the Ganges write her conquering name,  
 st of the harp of heaven—th' Augustan age,  
 : splendid forum and unrivall'd stage ;  
 what she was—she ne'er can be again ;  
 star of England is now in the wane !  
 the weird sisters meet—before their eyes  
 shade of Franklin and of West arise,  
 . ask, if Albion e'er had such a son  
 ll her Saxon race, as Washington !

Where the deep Hudson, once unknown to song,  
 Thro' darkling forest's roll'd his waves along,  
 And nought, but some wild hamlet met the view,  
 Or Indian chieftan in his birch-canoe,  
 Now, New-York towers beneath the azure sky,  
 And lofty domes allure the stranger's eye ;  
 Now o'er the war ship floats the banner gay  
 With stars armorial round the bird of day :  
 Perhaps, e'en here, some Shakspeare yet will  
     move,  
 Some Milton walk the academic grove :  
 Another Newton on the earth appear  
 And more than Garrick charm the Theatre !

*Stat nominis umbra.*



## ADDRESS,

*Written at Portland, Maine.*

WHEN folly boldly dared her head to rear,  
 And idly mock'd at suffering virtue's tear,  
 In pleasure sunk—her progress to oppose—  
 Reform her object—then the drama rose.  
 She raised her mirror—folly saw and blush'd,  
 And pallid anger from her presence rush'd ;  
 Affrighted at the picture she pourtray'd—  
 A naked human heart by passion away'd.



Delighted Greece, soon yielding to her power,  
In countless numbers throng'd her magic bower ;  
Laugh'd at the varied scenes her pencil drew  
Of their own foibles, and confess'd them true.

Yet *higher* was her aim ; she knew the world  
Unpitying—saw the form of virtue hurl'd  
From her high throne ; while, in her semblance .  
fair,

Too oft did vice appear : the better to ensnare.  
That midnight murder too, stalk'd forth in wrath,  
Regardless of the blood that track'd his path.  
These she essay'd to strip, that man might see  
The fiends *unmask'd*, in dark deformity ;  
Might learn this *lesson* too, that mortals, first,  
In order to be *happy*, should be *just*  
Nor was the trial fruitless ; from the stage  
The youth received the oracles of age ;  
They saw how hardly mad ambition climbs  
The steep ascent of *power*, unmark'd with crimes ;  
Shuddering they heard the ravings of remorse,  
While trick'ling tears bedew'd his rival's corse.  
There, too, would warriors glow with patriot fires,  
As they beheld the battles of their sires.  
In fancy ming'ling with the dauntless throngs,  
Who stood th' avengers of their country's wrongs ;  
And, as the lawless tyrant bent the knee,  
Shouting the *loud huzza* for *liberty*.

Such was the Drama's power, and such the applause

That crown'd her efforts in the sacred cause,  
When Greece was free, and genius lov'd to bring  
Her choicest lays—a free will offering.

And shall she sink neglected in the land  
That scorn'd, like Greece, the proud oppressor's  
brand—

From whose green turf that wraps her warriors  
true,

The hand of time must dash oblivion's dew?  
Say—are we cold when Shakspeare rolls along  
In all the sacred majesty of song?

Can Otway's willow'd harp no wild note fling,  
To waken in our breasts a kindred string?

Ah no! while genius will its power impart,  
And aid the drama to reform the heart;

In virtue's cause to start the frequent tear,  
The *smile of welcome* must await her here.

*Here* where her voice is unrestrain'd by laws  
That check the feeblest note in freedom's cause;

*Here* where the youthful patriot loves to swell  
The song, in praise of Washington and Tell;

The **ONLY LAND** that still her bosom bares  
To *warm the exile and receive his tears.*

## ADDRESS,

*Written at Charleston, S. C.*

WHEN bold-eyed fancy led her Thespian car,  
Against the passions in mimetic war,  
With song and satire for her spear and shield,  
She sought in Attica her earliest field.  
Touching the soul with artificial wo,  
She caused unselfish tears from man to flow.  
By simple strokes the giant passions fell,  
And manly bosoms felt a moral swell,

A polished world from Greece the impulse  
caught:

Majestic truth her magic mirror brought,  
(Reflecting vice) before imperial Rome.  
Europe beheld it next—then freedom's home.  
A thousand temples honor'd either muse;  
Genius her incense amply did effuse,  
Then Shakspeare! Ariel's creator! came,  
To snatch the never-dying wreath of fame.  
*His* bold ambition sought Prospero's cave,  
Brought Denmark's monarch from his troubled  
grave.

Pervious to *him* alone, that mystic sphere  
Where proud Macbeth was sentanc'd to despair.



Who best commun'd with his superiour mind  
Transfused his spirit, and his sense refined?  
Garrick! on thee, from his Elysian height,  
He first shed rays of histrionic light.  
Again his heroes in thy Protean form,  
Revealed their love, or raised the martial storm  
Thou mighty master of a generous art,  
A purifying power couldst impart,  
E'en to that spring of knowledge most sublime  
Forever sparkling by the rock of time!

But triumph thou Columbia! thy free shore  
Enshrines the idol of dramatic lore,  
Breaking in grandeur on th' astonished age,  
Lo! Cooper sun of science, lights *our* stage.  
*His* voice brings pity from her chrysal cave  
To gem the eye of beauty, or the brave.  
Terror at his command starts from his den,  
To strike the hearts, and blanch the cheeks of:

Has proud philosophy a higher aim  
Than tribute from our sympathies to claim!  
No!—while the cynic's thunder rolls away,  
Unhurt, young folly still pursues her play;  
But, when the loveliest of th' Olympian nine  
*These* grand effects with pleasure can combine  
Corruption shudders at another's sin,  
Blushing to feel some "perilous stuff" within.

Offspring of liberty ! another shrine  
Invites you to adore *that* power divine,  
Whose gentle discipline to *virtue* leads ;  
Before whose beamy aspect *vice* recedes :  
Whose chastened wit, and harmony sublime,  
Convert to gold, the metric sands of time.



## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

As the full moon arising in the east,  
Proclaims the burning reign of Sol expir'd,  
Invites the virtuous, to reasons feast,  
The gay to pleasure, by new hope inspir'd.

Or as the sun himself in glorious pride,  
Drives the dark shades of night before his car,  
Mounts up on high and throws his splendours wide,  
Exhales his warmth, and spreads his light afar.

So—from the ruins, which once smoulder'd here,  
Smoking and black from Vulcan's vengeful blow,  
When danger threw a glow on pale fac'd fear,  
When sad and lonely these thick walls were low.

When the pale moon, through shapeless windows  
threw,

Her searching rays, where once, the gay had  
been,

Where taste and genius held their charms to view,  
Soon lone and cheerless, nought but ruin seen.

These walls arose—this stage again was spread.

The scenic curtain once more veil'd its face,  
Upon these boards, the sons of Thespis tread,  
And in those boxes beauty shows its grace.

Here—where the crackling blaze once reign'd  
alone.

And hiss'd its horrors thro' the space around,  
Here will be seen—the reckless heart of stone,  
The tranquil scene of peace, and war-trumps  
sound.

Here will the tyrant once more play his part,  
And wound and murder—as he did before ;  
And here the lover, with a fainting heart,  
Will sigh his griefs and beat his forehead sore.

Once more the tragic muse, will tread the stage,  
And cause the sympathetic tear to flow,  
Once more will Thalia e'en delight old age,  
And take from sorrow half its recent wo.

Again, the charms of poesy, divine,  
Will meet the ear, in mute attention fix'd

In the full cadence of the sounding line,  
Or light and airy—with the solemn mix'd.

Again—applause—that magic of the hand,  
(Which wakes the daring of the gifted soul,)  
Until it changes from the high command,  
To death-like stillness, under full controul,

Will echo through these walls, so lately still,  
Until the thunders, with their deaf'ning roar,  
Each distant passage with their echoes fill,  
And shake with tremors, what was firm before.

May genius never, when she hopes to find,  
Within these walls, the public's friendly praise,  
Be driven from the shelter—now so kind,  
Nor envy's blast destroy the poet's bays.

May modest merit, tread this varied stage,  
Unaw'd by powers, uninjur'd by the sting,  
Which always follows, when the serpents wage,  
A fatal war—a wound their hisses bring.

May worth—if cloth'd in rags or robed in silk,  
Ne'er fail to have its merited renown ;  
May keen eyed critics, ever drink the milk,  
Of human kindness—may they never frown.

But ever in a smiling garb array'd  
Behold in kindness what they might destroy.

For sweet is power, when soft by mercy made,  
Its terrors lov'd ; its mandates, cause of joy.

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### ADDRESS.

THOUGH miscreant hands have sacrificed our  
pile—

Yet at your call again the muses smile :  
Again the tragic maiden treads the stage,  
Again reflects the manners of the age,  
Again, kind patrons, asks you to approve,  
And courts with fresher bloom the public love !  
What ! in a country of the brave and free,  
Shall check the bright career of poesy ?  
While Roman virtue still shall be ador'd,  
While freedom smiles upon a vasal's sword,  
While maiden hearts with sweet Ophelia mourn,  
And beauty's tears bedew Monimia's urn,  
While Shakspeare pours his native wood-notes wild,  
And nature owns him for her darling child ;  
Long as the heart can beat with joy or wo,  
Long as the sympathetic tear can flow,  
Long as the laugh, light springing from the heart,  
Cheers with delight, the Comic Drama's art—

The buskin'd muse shall spread the pictur'd scene,  
And march secure triumphant and serene,  
Smile at the bigot threat ! the burning brand ;  
And chase dull vice and folly from the land.  
This land was made for freedom ! here alone,  
She reigns unaw'd by prisons or a throne :  
And here, the Drama, uncontroul'd and free,  
To public judgment only, bows the knee.  
Yes, to the people while she bows with awe,  
She claims her portion of the general law,  
The mirror to their eyes, she still shall hold,  
If follies rage, or vice becomes too bold ;  
Shew them their bloated forms, a silly mein,  
And hold them up to scorn from scene to scene.  
Thus friend to virtue, foe to vice, the play  
Catches the current manners of the day :  
And should those manners tend to public shame  
She wakes the ghost of many a glorious name.  
The historic muse attends with glory's roll,  
To point his heroes and to men'd the soul.  
For liberty—see god-like Brutus bare  
His red right arm ! nor in the Senate spare.  
For woman's honour—see Lucinda sigh,  
And at the vestal altar proudly die,  
What Rome delighted Grecian sages warm'd,  
French wits transported, English patriots charm'd,  
Sure in this land of light, shall never feel  
The hand of cold neglect or heart of steel.  
While our land teems with plenty and with ease,  
Our eagle banner waves o'er subject seas,

While wit and taste and humour can delight  
Our summer eve, or charm our winter night—  
Still may we see those bright eyes sparkle round  
Like fairy lamps upon enchanted ground ;  
Still may our Phoenix dome resplendant blaze,  
With light and life from beauty's beaming rays ;  
Though each fair light begirt with many a *spark*,  
Still are they warmly welcome to our Park,  
To them our hearts responsively shall turn  
With love, with thanks, with gratitude to burn.  
While they protect us, still our boards shall be  
Sacred to virtue—wit—and liberty.

T. Z.

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## ADDRESS,

*Written at Newbern, N. C.*

'Tis past—the smouldering ruins reek no more,  
Behold—the shrine of Thespis as of yore,  
Smiles like the morning, loveliest to the sight,  
Fresh from the shades of dark and gloomy night.  
Yes, dark and gloomy was the fatal hour,  
'That wrapt in flames the Drama's favourite tower,  
Who did not feel his heart within him die,  
When the broad blaze swell'd proudly to the sky,

And cracking arch and burning column fell,  
With crash that echoed like the Drama's knell.  
Oh 'twas a dreary sight—the smoking pile,  
That mock'd the morrow's sun and chang'd his  
smile;

The dome that bask'd beneath his western light,  
The dome his radiant beams had left so bright,  
Had sunk in ashes—vanish'd into smoke,  
Ere from the east his morning splendours broke.  
But deathless drama! flames destroy in vain  
The transient seats of thine eternal reign;  
Thy fadeless glory triumphs o'er their doom,  
And bursts with brighter lustre out of gloom;  
Touch'd by the magic wand—the fane revives,  
The mourning muses smile—and Shakspeare lives—  
Immortal Shakspeare—to thy matchless name,  
We dedicate this trophy of thy fame;  
Oh! that thy genius could our muse inspire,  
With one bright spark of its etherial fire,  
Our winged thought should then in sunward flight,  
Explore like thine those worlds of living light.  
Where thy bold hand has hung thine airy throne,  
Amid a bright creation of its own;  
But since to thee alone it can be given,  
Thus, "t' ascend" "inventions" "brightest heaven;"  
Since thou alone, art privileg'd to hear,  
Thy own sweet Ariel in his tuneful sphere.  
Mighty magician—kindly condescend,  
Our less aspiring purpose to befriend;  
Teach us who trace the labyrinths of mind,  
To touch the secret springs that move mankind;



To pierce alike guilt's dark secluded cell,  
And the pure shrine where virtue loves to dwell;  
From that to drag the hideous fiend to day,  
From this an angel's beauty to display:  
Then shall the world behold its forms impress'd,  
As on the mirror's ever faithful breast;  
In lines of character so clearly seen,  
That vice shall shudder at his frightful mien;  
While virtue blushing at her own fair face,  
Resistless shall allure us to embrace;  
Yes peerless fair—bright forms shall meet the view,  
Worthy alike of virtue, and of you.  
Till vice abash'd withdrew his gorgon head,  
And leave the charmer smiling in its stead;  
Still be the triumph of our heaven-born art,  
To melt subdue, and meliorate the heart.  
The shades of Addison and Young shall hear,  
Their own pure strains and smiling hover near,  
And o'er the scene like sacred unction shed,  
The hallowing sanction of "the mighty dead.  
Friends of the stage whose pleasure is our law,  
For whom our ev'ry character we draw;  
Continue still propitious to our cause,  
Oh spare your frowns and deign to smile applause.

ADDRESS,

*Written at Charleston, S. C.*

NEAR fifty years have vanish'd, since the time  
 The wide Atlantic view'd a form sublime  
 Rise on his shore, and shout along his sea,  
 "Rejoice ye sons of earth, one land is free."  
 The wild blasts hasted on their swiftest wings,  
 And bore in thunder to European kings  
 The voice of *INDEPENDENCE*—and that sound  
 Hath tumbled some thron'd tyrants to the ground;  
 And more are tottering: for the human mind  
 Is tugging at the hateful cords that bind  
 Her powers, in vile prostration, to the dust:  
 And will she burst them? Yes—she must! she  
 must!

Wait but a little—many a rolling age  
 Has seen the mighty ones of earth engage  
 To rivet these base chains—and when they saw  
 A few who dar'd to violate their law,  
 By thinking for themselves—then they arose,  
 And pointed at them for their country's foes,  
 And haul'd them to their prisons, or compell'd  
 To leave the birth rights which their fathers held,  
 And launch upon the rough and yawning sea,  
 Seeking a wilderness untam'd, but free.

Fools ! little knew they, when they thus decreed,  
The soil whereon they threw this goodly seed.  
What ! did they think, that they whose hearts  
    refus'd  
To bend like all around them had been used,  
Would ever bow their spirits on a shore,  
Where freedom's throne had stood forever more ?

Fair land of freedom ! though hast many a star,  
Thy sons have glorious names in peace and war ;  
But genius yet hath scarcely burst her shroud,  
Her light but gilds the edges of the cloud.  
Birth-right of freemen ! melt away the gloom,  
A thousand buds will ripen into bloom  
With thy sweet light to cheer them ; from thy  
    sky  
Vouchsafe e'en now to look with favouring eye  
Upon a suppliant of no mortal mein.—  
The Drama woos thee to this lowly scene.  
He hath a robe upon him, which thy hand  
Of yore hath woven, in a far off land ;  
A thousand changing scenes are pictur'd there,  
Now swelling bold—now fading into air.  
Look at the Roman ! did he prize his breath,  
Or shrink from freedom in the arms of death !  
Brutus and Cato ! many a youthful heart  
Hath caught from you its first ennobling start,  
And swell'd to think that rushing blood was given,  
By fathers who the tyrant's chain had riven.

But there are gentler tones, and softer hues,  
Love's sad complaint, and pity's milder dews ;  
Breathing a voiceless language o'er the soul,  
Which thrills and melts beneath the sweet controul.

Where ruin's trembling footsteps lately press'd  
We now receive you, each a welcome guest.  
Ye friends to virtue, freedom and the muse.  
We court the smile—we trust you'll not refuse :  
Smiles are our sunshine, and, beneath their ray,  
We hope to flourish many a distant day.



## ADDRESS,

In that soft clime, whose classic ruins lie,  
The holy relics of the time gone by ;  
Where mould'ring marbles, under Moslem's sway,  
With ancient glories, seem to melt away  
Like quaint devices stamp'd on the azure wave,  
Or folly's lament o'er proud genius' grave ;  
The tragic muse in infant strength erst rose,  
Chose virtue friend—scourged vices as her foes.  
There, mighty giants of the drama shed  
Their fiercest lightnings o'er sweet Greece's head ;  
Broke from the confines of this mortal world ;  
Seized flames celestial, and the thunder hurl'd.  
A salt divine impregnates every scene,  
Like that of waves, whence sprang Idalia's queen.

No mean descendant of such awful sires,  
Who boldly seized and rung the magic wires,  
With skill unearthly—nature's wildest grace—  
Shakspeare burst forth—bright radiance in his  
face :

Each subtlest passion of the heart he knew,  
And less like mortal than immortal drew ;  
Plunged his rich pencils in cerulean dyes,  
And caught each varying manner as it flies ;  
Held vanquished time in fetters at his feet ;  
Tore palid custom from her haughty seat ;  
Pierced the dull film that darkens human eyes,  
And soared majestic to the zenith skies.  
With him, that cluster of wild bards arose,  
Whose flowing verse with inspiration glows ;  
Whose muse the freshness of a Naiad bore,  
And mixed her wild wood-notes with the olden lore ;  
With passion deep-toned—rich, melodious roll  
Their scenes enrapt—that touch a stoic's soul.  
In the calm bosom of the tomb they sleep,  
While o'er their ashes drooping muses weep.  
Some master-spirits since have swept their lyres,  
And woke sweet music from seraphic wires ;  
Yet still their golden strains have sunk away,  
Excell'd by th' echo of a former day.  
In this young land the flame of genius burns,  
Though not enshrined in British sculptured urns :  
The virgin light 'mid darkling forests plays,  
Darts o'er our ocean—match her kindling rays .  
Columbia's Shakspeare may and will arise,  
To claim that wreath whose verdure never dies.

Some Garrick, too, shall glide o'er freedom's stage,  
And witch with play-craft youth and gray-beard  
age.

These walls may echo with delighted cheers,  
Or witness intense pleasure's sweetest tears  
Streaming o'er scenes some native poet writ,  
Or frolic slaughter rioting with wit.—  
These walls, which phoenix-like from flames  
arose,  
That freedom's soft-eyed daughters now enclose ;  
And manly forms, whose free-born bosoms swell  
With patriot love, no tyrants e'er can quell ;  
May they long stand—bright wit and beauty's  
haunt,  
The home of comic song, and tragic chaunt.

X.

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## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

WHEW down the brow of Ætna's burning mount  
(The cause of ills too awful to recount ;)  
A fiery deluge bursts upon the vale,  
'Mid deaf'ning thunder, and despairing wail,  
Where can the eye of wild distraction turn ?

The wretch a refuge from the grave discern ?  
His fields, in beauteous garniture array'd,  
Before the fury of the tempest fade,—  
His olive groves the fatal scourge confess ;  
His blooming vineyards change the ir gaudy dress  
All—all, seems lost. and yet—one cheering ray,  
'Thro' the dark storm, still glimmers on his way,  
One friendly light, by bounteous Heaven supplied,  
From fear to shield him, and thro' danger guide.  
'Tis hope !—celestial harbinger of peace,  
To safety pointing when the storm shall cease !  
Nor does the blissful vision vainly charm,  
To fill deluded joy with new alarm,  
But tells by tokens such as angels send,  
How the red fire-shower shall its rage suspend,  
The mad'ning tumult of the storm be o'er,  
Earth smile again, and Ætna rave no more !

Thus ruin came in deadly terror dress'd,  
When darkness veil'd our citadel of rest.  
Peal'd her loud tocsin in the ear of sleep, ·  
And woke the startled slumberer to weep !  
Hark ! from the smouldering pile that note of  
dread,—  
Behold the flames thro' midnight darkness spread :  
'Tis done ! the blazing volume heaves on high,  
Sweeps round the roof, and mingles with the sky ;  
The mansion reels—the dome to earth descends,  
And one wild crash the works of horror ends !

'Mid this drear scene—beneath this heavy blow,  
The actor found a solace to his wo ;  
A pledge of happiness he still might trust,  
Of home restored—joy springing from the dust :  
In these lov'd walls made desolate and lone,  
He saw new charms, for faded pomp atone—  
The stage resume the lofty rank it bore,  
And seems to virtue lovelier than before.  
The prospect smil'd—yet scarce could hope sur-  
vey

Its bliss attained, the evening of to-day.  
Scarce in the lapse of one short summer's moon,  
Perceive the change by daring seal'd so soon !  
A temple's ruins back to splendour brought,  
To taste re-moulded, and in beauty wrought !  
How welcome then the realizing view,  
Of scenes so dear, so precious and so new :  
Scenes ever friendly to the cause of worth,  
To moral feeling and to virtuous mirth ;  
Which shed, with gen'rous aim, new light on life—  
Correct its errors, and allay its strife.  
To truth and duty lend a thousand springs—  
Urge genius on, and imp her eagle wings !  
Long may those scenes, the boast of ev'ry age,  
Exalt the drama, and adorn the stage,  
Beneath this roof exert their pleasing sway ;  
Escape from peril, and resist decay :  
Till sun and earth themselves shall go to waste,  
And ruin triumph o'er the tomb of taste !



## ADDRESS.

FROM Europe's withering skies and blighted plains.

Her despot kings, her dungeons and her chains ;  
When liberty the watery desert trode,  
To find with us, her last, her best abode,  
Each hardy virtue with the goddess came—  
Valour, of lion heart and glance of flame ;  
Bold Enterprise, the first to reach the shore,  
The first its wildest regions to explore :  
Stern Fortitude, with breast of proof was there,  
And Patience, with her meek enduring air ;  
There sinewy Perseverance too, was seen,  
And sun-brown'd Industry, of cheerful mein ;  
Temperance, of vigorous frame and healthful eye,  
And honest, rustic-garb'd Frugality.

Soon over all the land their influence went,  
The desert disappear'd, the rock was rent :  
'The forest fell, the wild's deep solitude  
Was peopled, and the raging flood subdued.  
'The dank morass breath'd health, and land and sky  
Laugh'd out on happy man rejoicingly.

Thus long our fathers a fraternal band,  
Liv'd blamelessly—till tyrants sought the land  
To blast their humble joys—but heaven was just.  
And soon the proud invader bit the dust.

Then rose the nation—e'en the virtues then  
Increased in virtue—men grew more than men.  
Science disarm'd the lightning—marked a course  
Across the trackless ocean—and the force  
Of tide and tempest scorning, urged its way  
Against the elements' opposing sway.  
Then were display'd in many a noble sire,  
The sage's wisdom and the warrior's fire,  
The patriot's purity—and the glad earth  
Hail'd, as a prodigy, the empire's birth.

Great, free, secure—now let the teeming soil  
Yield flowers as well as fruitage—now let toil  
Relax his giant limbs—invite each grace,  
And tempt the muses from their hiding place.  
Bestow on poesy the living wreath,  
And bid the marble speak, the canvass breathe:  
Your voice can call to life those finer arts,  
Beneath whose rule the ruggedest of hearts  
Softens to better feelings—that refine  
And polish and complete—giving to shine  
The encrusted diamond. Is the thought but vain,  
Or have they not e'en now commenc'd their reign?  
Shall *our* dramatic muse assert the stage,  
Rousing to energy your patriot rage:  
Now, elevating to a deathless fame,  
The bright example of some honour'd name;  
Now holding up to scorn the willing slave,  
The formal fool, the coward and the knave!  
Yes, on that generous spirit hope relies,  
That from their ashes badc those walls arise;

The time must come—the day perhaps is near,  
Genius shall find his proper dwelling here ;  
Created by your smiles, when rival bards  
In deathless verse shall claim their high rewards.  
And while your breasts with heavenly transport  
glow,  
Some *SHAKSPEARE* well repay you all we owe.

---

ADDRESS,

*From Maryland.*

WITH joy unfeign'd, with gratitude sincere,  
Before our generous friends we now appear ;  
The scene before us, that we now survey,  
Where grace and beauty heavenly charms display ;  
Where love and friendship in sweet union join,  
Where patriot worth, and patriot virtue shine ;  
So much of happiness presents around,  
So much of pleasure in each face is found,  
So much delight seems every breast to swell,  
'That vainly we attempt our joy to tell.

For the first time, our curtain rose this night,  
And O, our prospects they are more than bright,  
Under your auspices, we now set sail,  
Blest with a kindly breeze, a favouring gale,

On a long voyage we are bound to go,  
To pass through many a scene of joy and wo :  
To meet the tempest's and the battle's rage,  
And all the perils that attend the stage.  
But wheresoe'er we're doom'd by fate to roam,  
We'll ne'er forget New York, our native home ;  
Let dangers come—let angry billows roar,  
We'll find a shelter on this happy shore ;  
Whilst hearts can feel—whilst we can move a lip,  
We never, never will "Give up the ship."  
'These words recal a friend—a friend indeed,  
He was Columbia's friend in time of need ;  
The gallant Lawrence—O ! forgive a tear,  
The gallant Lawrence—you all lov'd him dear,  
You mourn'd him much, his precious dear remains,  
Our honour'd city, our New York contains,  
When in his country's cause he nobly died,  
" Let the flag wave—wave while I live," he cried.  
" Don't, don't give up the ship !" immortal words,  
They rouse a patriot feeling on these boards ;  
And were we dumb, even they would cry out  
    " Shame,  
Thus to neglect lov'd Lawrence and his name."  
'Though vict'ry was denied—yet glory shed  
Her purest halo round the hero's head.

New York, thou city of approved worth,  
The great emporium of the east and north ;  
The ocean, lakes, the rivers and the land,  
Await thy will, are all at thy command ;

The winds of heaven, they hourly too increase  
 Thy wealth, thy comforts, pleasures and thy peace,  
 O ! may this city, may this favour'd state,  
 Be still more fam'd for all that's good and great,  
 May health preside, and plenty ever bless,  
 With never ending scenes of happiness.

New York, we "owe thee much," be it our boast  
 To prove "Love's Labours" are not wholly lost;  
 "Measure for Measure" let our actions shew,  
 Lest on "The Road to Ruin" we should go.  
 Friends of "Lang Syne" we never can forget,  
 Nor those whom we this night have fondly met;  
 Whilst "Nature's Mirror" we hold up to view,  
 May every image be approv'd by you;  
 Our manners, scenes, and sentiments unite,  
 To please you here on many a future night;  
 May we be found still faithful to your cause,  
 Merit your favour—meet your kind applause.  
 PORCIUS.

---

## ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

In hours gone by, when Cooke triumphant bore,  
 His blushing honours to our western shore,

at mighty master of the tragic art,  
no ruled despotic o'er the subject heart.  
rs were the boards that welcomed him from  
afar,  
d caught the glories of his setting star ;  
ve to an infant world, Britannia's boast,  
d freedom gained, all freedom prizes most,  
e gem of mind, that jewel that adorns  
e proudest diadem, tho' set in thorns.  
! ye surviving, ye remember well  
e potent magic of that mystic spell,  
at chained each bosom with tyrannic might,  
hen Richard stalked the terror of the night.  
e stern creation Shakspeare's fancy drew,  
as then pourtray'd in colours warm and true ;  
shuffling tricks of stage did then suffice,  
bind an audience, seldom over nice ;  
—nature's honest dictates were obeyed,  
d as the poet wrote, the actor played.  
e imperial hero since that boasted hour ;  
th lost perchance the gorgons of his power :  
Kean, tho' full of ever glorious fire,  
t fails the breast with terror to inspire ;  
is the " smiling villainy" that wakes,  
e lip's light curl, but ne'er with thunder shakes  
e roused affections of the stormy heart,  
hose giant powers mock at human art.  
nnel, whose classic mind severely chaste,  
r yet too slow, nor yet o'er wrought by haste,  
ved through the scene with such a studied gate,  
beth appeared the instrument of fate

Against himself—and met his fiery doom,  
As none before or since have met the tomb.  
Tho' last, not least—for Cooper 'twas reserved,  
To win the mead none else so well deserved :  
Of manly aspect, and of well pois'd mind,  
In which the various powers are combined,  
That lead to exhibition nervous yet refined.  
He moves the matchless Roscius of the day,  
As grand and as impressive as the lay  
Which Dryden's muse in earlier hour awoke,  
And Cooper lives to feel, hath felt and spoke.\*  
He still is ours—and native genius too,  
On new fledged pinions rises to the view.  
'The time shall come nor yet of distant hour,  
When we shall look unto ourselves for power,  
In arts as well as arms. 'The drama then  
Shall rise among us—and the critic's pen  
Shall be employed to protect the muse,  
And not to slander her, as is the use  
Of "sage, grave men," who hold the umpire now,  
And fain would send her to the shades below.  
Patrons of Thespis and the gorgeous dame,  
Who stalks with "sceptred pall" the lists of fame,  
Maintain their rights, protect their glorious cause,  
And our first wish, oh ! yield us—your applause.

---

\* Dryden's ode to St. Cecelia—occasionally recited by Mr. Cooper, on the stage.

## ADDRESS.

Y<sup>e</sup> gen'rous patrons of the Thespian cause,  
Whose will prescribes, and taste refines our laws,  
The hour at length arrives, from which we date  
A new dramatic era in our state !

Auspicious period ! may the drama rise  
In brighter glory 'neath Columbian skies,  
And crown'd by wreaths that deck'd Parnassus'  
    heights,  
(Which genius gather'd in his eagle flights,)  
Call up great masters of the mimic art,  
To play new tunes of rapture on the heart !  
If ardent wishes which our bosoms breathe,  
Could reach the boon of glory's envied wreath—  
Then might we safely boast new scenes would rise  
To break in splendour on admiring eyes.  
But not our will alone ensures success,  
Your gen'rous plaudits must our labours bless ;  
Praise is the sun beneath whose genial rays  
The sparks of promise kindle to a blaze ;  
The fostering beam that bids the scenic field  
To wond'ring eyes her fairest treasures yield.  
The smiles of beauty and th' applause of worth,  
Those talents rare might waken into birth ;



Which strike electric Nature's thrilling cords,  
While genius lightens o'er the Thespian boards.

What tho' unworthy fav'rites of the muse,  
With base intent her lavish gifts abuse ;  
And aiming shafts against religion's laws,  
Alarm the guards of Virtue's sacred cause ;  
Yet will the Drama beam a purer ray,  
To melt the mists of prejudice away ;  
And e'en convince the stern and rev'rend sage,  
That schools of wisdom may adorn the stage !  
While matchless wit can cheat the brow of care,  
Or melting pathos draw th' impassion'd tear ;  
While Nature's sons her gentle voice regard,  
Breath'd in the accents of her fav'rite bard,—  
The truths which Shakspeare planted on the stage  
Must fling their lustre to the latest age.  
The bard who borne on inspiration's wings,  
Did quaff the nectar of celestial springs ;  
Whose soul appear'd to leave her bonds of clay,  
To reach the splendours of poetic day,  
Will age find ears to listen with delight,  
What wonders met him in his daring flight !  
His rapid glance survey'd each scene of life—  
The calm of quiet and the storms of strife ;  
Drew virtue smiling as she yields her breath,  
And vice despairing in the gripe of death.  
Like some huge rock whose giant firmness braves  
The wildest dashing of the rampant waves ;

Whose iron fortress hath from age to age  
Mock'd the vain fury of the ocean's rage ;  
His flint defies (unshaken and sublime,)  
The fiercest billows "in the tide of time."

Here may the bosom of ingenuous youth  
Imbibe the seeds of virtue and of truth,  
And shun those sins which tempt (with treach'rous  
light,)

The soul to chambers of eternal night.  
Aspiring hearts which thirst for deathless fame,  
May catch the ardour of the patriot's flame,  
And see what raptures feast the hero's soul,  
Whom fortune's wing has borne to glory's goal !  
Then wild ambition in his mad career,  
May start with horror at his bloody bier !  
And hear the thunder of a nation's curse,  
Which swells and thickens o'er a traitor's hearse.  
The heart may learn for other's joy to leap,  
And streaming eyes "to weep with those that weep,"  
And feeling bosoms heave the swelling sighs,  
When virtue falters or when valour dies.

Nor less the comic, than the tragic muse,  
Drest in the drap'ry of her chastest hues,  
Shall joyous trip, (with gay and cheerful mien,)  
In graceful measures o'er the magic scene.  
With youth and wit, and beauty in her train,  
And music rising in the festive strain ;

She comes and soon those drops of pity dries,  
Her graver sister stole from gen'rous eyes.

The muse prophetic through the mists of time,  
Hears praises ringing o'er Columbia's clime,  
Sees future ages plucking from the boughs  
Of fame's fair tree, a laurel for her brows,  
And nations own with homage in their hearts,  
*The land of Freedom is the nurse of Arts !*



## ADDRESS,

*Written at St. Louis, Missouri.*

THOUGH she's slumbered awhile, lo! the phœ-  
nix appears,  
Refined by her flames, and improved by her years ;  
Like the chair of rude oak, where dramatic Will\*  
wrote,  
To pluck from the soul every blue-dev'lish mote :  
Then dismiss all your cares, reserve every tear,  
Till a grave-digging scene, a hearse, or a bier

---

\* Shakspeare.

Drown your vision in mist ; then give us a shower,  
Like the grief of a widow, that's soothed by her  
dower.

Since the thunder of war, with his visage of  
wrath,  
No longer bestrides the ocean's blue path,  
Our squadron of light troops have taken the field,  
Then columns of vice, and of folly must yield :  
Whilst our majesties fight, in "legitimate cause,"  
We'll gather a tax of "unbounded applause."  
Should our commons, the critics, withhold the sup-  
plies,  
Then we'll draw on your languishing, black and  
blue eyes.  
Pray honour our bills—fair fame is our wealth,  
When our credit is good, our spirits, and health,  
We draw mirth from the grave, smoothe the  
wrinkles of age,  
And embellish, with gagging, the author's dull  
page.  
Should the harm'ny of numbers, the players de-  
light,  
Crowd our boxes in future, as you do to night,  
Then our purses and hearts, may together expand,  
Since our fabric is proof 'gainst the nocturnal  
brand.

Should our stock above par, like Bostonian's rise,  
Then the son of misfortune, who hopelessly cries

To his God for relief, shall be answered and fed,  
And the houseless cold stranger shall find a warm  
shed.

When the genius of freedom first planted our  
land,  
With hearts who disdained oppression's hard hand,  
'Their dullness flew off with the shackles that fell,  
For tyranny's beadle had tolled the last knell.  
In c e our wealth is increasing, our genius advances,  
'The fame of our works, each new day thus enhances.  
Our climate produces fine poets, and weavers,  
Our swords, our ploughshares, I might say our  
cleavers,  
Are wielded with skill. So o'er the broad ocean,  
By steam-guided barques, in perpetual motion  
We cleave the rude wave, in spite of the veering  
Of wind, while the tide-broken shoals we are clearing,  
No danger suspending the helm's steady guide,  
As the foam of her wheels marks the track of her  
pride.  
The elements conquered, all parts we can play,  
In this scene shifting age, and mechanical day.  
So with snow-storms, and ghosts, and squadrons of  
witches,  
And Peregrine Singles to fill up the niches ;  
With counterfeit thunder we'll astonish the town  
Like the winding of horns, that blew Jerico down.

Then adieu, till the storm, that is gathering fast,  
Shall burst o'er the stage, with a heart-cheering  
blast.

*Note to the Managers.*

The writer of the above, having been seduced by the charms of gold, to write, what he terms poetry, a species of composition which he cannot, himself, read with much pleasure, confidently believes his name, which is concealed under the accompanying envelope, will not be read, unless he should be fortunate enough to see it engraved on a medal.

He only flatters himself with success upon the principle, that all things are good or bad by comparison: therefore, if no better production than his own should be offered, he will, of course gain the prize.



ADDRESS,

*Written in New-York.*

PLEAS'D as the exile, when, long absence past,  
His footsteps press his country's shores at last

While round he marks each well remembered  
place,  
The hearth of home, and each familiar face ;  
*We* in these walls our former patrons meet,  
And here, with heart-felt joy, their presence greet.

No more, where once the drama's temple stood,  
Frown blackening ruins o'er the solitude ;  
While, sullen sentinel, in darkness clad,  
Lone silence, keeps her nightly vigils sad ;  
The former scene returns ; creative art  
Bids this fair fabric into being start ;  
And who can round this brilliant circle gaze,  
On mirthful features, and on beauty's blaze,  
That will not cry, long live the stage ! and long  
May this fair company its temple throng !

Are there none here, whose favouring smiles to  
gain,  
We're oft before essayed, and not in vain ;  
Who here have 'past, beguiled by fiction's power,  
(Nor deemed them lost,) full many a pleasing  
hour ?  
Such round we mark, and know they must, they  
*will*  
Wish that the drama's cause may triumph still.

The stage must triumph :—though Minerva  
 weeps,  
 Where through its scanty banks Ilissus creeps,—  
 Though o'er her Tiber, now inglorious grown,  
 Rome's matron image bends her mural crown,  
 And mourns the scene usurped, to rise no more,  
 Where demi gods and heroes trod before,  
 Still mightier bards succeeding years have known,  
 Who cannot die ; and Shakspeare is our own.

Aye—though presuming vanity disgraced,  
 Has stigmatized our transatlantic taste,  
 And, as a solace for its rankling wound  
 And sad mishaps, the wondrous secret found,—  
 That as the mercury rose, so fell our wits,  
 And sympathy with genius came by fits :  
 Here, let us boast, despite of scowling spleen,  
 The bard of Avon is a denizen.

Would you rebuke conceit and foreign pride,  
 That long has genius to our clime denied.  
 Protect the stage ! since first its reign began,  
 In learning's progress it has led the van,  
 On freedom's soil will no green laurels grow ?  
 Assert our cause ! let native drama show !  
 Then, while our history, from each glorious page,  
 Shall yield proud names and actions for the stage,  
 The comic muse shall here chastise the band  
 Of pert intruders that infest our land ;  
 And when fire, nature, genius they decry



To all our sons, her meek revenge shall try,  
Laugh at their folly, and forgive their lie.

As with fresh hopes on our new course we start,  
Accept the fervent welcome of the heart,  
Here may success our efforts often crown,  
And your delight be equally our own.  
And may you all, through life's long drama find  
Benignant fortune, health and peace of mind ;  
Till each, when well performed his part hath been,  
Sees the great curtain fall on being's closing scene.  
R. N. T.

---

### ADDRESS.

ONCE more the bright goddess her tragical strain,  
In her late ruin'd temple now gladly renews,  
And the friends of the drama are welcome again  
To visit the shrine of their favourite muse.

These walls that have echoed so oft to her voice,  
With her eloquent measures again shall resound,  
And the bold bard of Avon, the son of her choice,  
Shall assert his old sway and his right to the  
ground.

At the fate of fair Juliet and her lover,  
 Each eye shall yet glisten, each bosom shall  
 heave ;  
 Still too late, shall the Moor his rash error discover,  
 And bloody old Shylock due justice receive.

Stern Richard the crook-back shall compass the  
 crown ;  
 And his wife and the witches, Macbeth shall be-  
 tray,  
 And merry Sir John shall his knavery own,  
 Ever first at a feast---ever last at a fray.

At the madness of Lear and his soul-touching  
 sorrows,  
 What breast shall not soften what heart shall not  
 bleed ;  
 What stone shall not melt to behold when he bor-  
 rows  
 The straw-covered hovel to shelter his head.

The bitter remembrance of Hamlet's keen wrong,  
 The heart of Ophelia shall cruelly break---  
 The pale maiden distracted shall sing her wild song,  
 And the soul of each hearer to sympathy wake.

At the sight of the rabble insulting their king---  
 Sad Richard the second shall share in your sighs;

And the dust on his head when they scoffingly fling,  
The warm indignation shall flash from your eyes.

But when gallant Prince Harry in battle appears,  
The crime of his sire shall be quickly forgot,  
And all shall sit breathless with hopes and with fears,  
While he joins the death-struggle with Percy the hot.

Long ! long shall the poet exultingly tell,  
The glories of Bolingbroke's chivalrous son,  
And in fresh recollection triumphantly dwell  
The laurels he gather'd and fields that he won.

In vain shall cold moralists rail at the stage,  
And descant on the vice which the theatre breeds,  
While our themes are thus chosen from history's  
page,  
And such are the lessons that tragedy reads.

"The mirror to nature" we ever exhibit,  
Man's follies and frailties alike you behold,  
In the dissolute Barnwell who died on a gibbet,  
And Macedon's hero who conquer'd the world:

The critics again we invite to our pit,  
And beauty and fashion our boxes to fill,  
To join in the laugh at our sallies of wit,  
And in pity to weep for the blood that we spill.

---

No pains shall be wanting to win your applause,  
While we study your taste, your convenience and  
ease,  
And each tear that we draw and each smile that  
we cause,  
Shall awaken new zeal and new efforts to please.

---

## ADDRESS,

(*Spoken as Coriolanus, in the Gown of Humility.*)

SWEET, patient, loving sirs—my worthy friends,  
A candidate for honour here attends ;  
In garb thus simple I, by customs laws,  
Stand forth, a palmer, for your kind applause ;  
And here must plead the ground of my request,  
Tell all I've done—and promise all the rest :  
I would not ope my breast, and bid ye trace,  
The flames which once this fabric did deface.  
I would not tell the conquests I have bore,  
Or that a commonwealth I triumph'd o'er ;  
Nor brag—that for a hire, I suffer'd this,  
Laugh'd at a shout—or shrunk beneath a hiss  
On loftier objects my ambition bent,  
Nor short of doing good was I content.

We chronicled with care the warning world,  
Talent and virtue's banners we unfurl'd ;  
We drest in varied hues, pure virtue's form,  
And vice with robe transparent did adorn :

We lifted to your gaze a mirror true,  
 In which the reigning vices you might view ;  
 Time's iron wings we strew'd with dewy gold,  
 And mirth and wit's gay volumes did unfold.

These were the arms for years we boldly plied,  
 These were the rocks to which our fate we tied ;  
 'Gainst prejudice we fought our onward way,  
 And bigotry was forced to give us sway ;  
 We conquer'd and now stand here to crave  
 Your voices—'tis your voices we would have.  
*(He casts off the gown and appears in full costume.)*

Here me ye worlds—hear all—Columbia's fame,  
 Hist rolling ages who must lisp her name,  
 She asks the mead of her infantile worth,  
 And boasts the cause and manner of her birth ;  
 'Twas she that when by tyrant hand oppress'd,  
 Spurned foreign chains and bared her naked  
 breast :

Starved, but cheer'd, massacred whole German  
 bands,

And drove usurping Britons from her lands ;  
 A Washington, she on the *world* bestow'd,  
 And by his arm to conquest grandly strode ;  
 A sage called Franklin she has given to fame,  
 While West will deathless keep his country's name ;  
 But crowds of Patriots break upon my view,  
 And bands of heroes pass in grand review ;  
 Yet—is it asked—where? where? Columbia's  
 worth,

When has she poets, authors, given to birth:

Who tamed the lightning wildly as it flies,  
Who found new objects in the distant skies?  
Who o'er the ocean's mistress held the sway,  
And who at Orleans bore the palm away?  
Whose march the eyes of distant worlds employ,  
Tis I—whom Britons call—a boy.

SOLOON.

---

BY J. GRIFFITH,

OF NEW-YORK.

When flames consume an edifice of art,  
Rear'd high in splendid grandeur in the air,  
From its mouldering ruins yet may start  
A radiant temple more sublimely fair.

O'er time and flame triumphantly prevails  
Fair genius in her heaven-directed way;  
She on bright wings of light in splendour sails,  
And lights the shades of gloom with rays of day.

Though fall'n the glories of enlightened Greece,  
And sunk the baths and theatres of Rome—  
By the strong power of genius still increase  
Gay scenes where bliss delights to reign and  
bloom.

And here anew, from ashes of the flame,  
Again bursts forth with ten-fold radiance bright,  
Like eagle soaring high for heavenly fame  
This place so fairly form'd for sweet delight.

Here crystal lamps of brightness gayly glow,  
And soft, voluptuous light around display ;  
While mirth shall smile, and wo in tears shall  
flow.

And love shall bloom, fresh, innocently gay.

Ye fair ! here may you see your charms display'd  
To pierce the heart with love's delicious joy :  
Here may the lover view, in smiles array'd  
Those features fair which smile but to destroy.

And here the lovely, blooming virgin may survey  
The insidious wiles of man's delusive snares :  
Though he may virtue's charms without display  
Yet in his breast a heart of stone he bears.

The smiles of angels he appears to wear,  
Yet deep concealed in darkest horror dread,  
Deceit lies sleeping in death's livid glare,  
To pierce mild virtue's heart and lay her with the  
dead.

Oh may the steps of youth oft wander here,  
To see the wiles for innocence prepar'd,  
And learn the paths of vice to tread with fear,  
And view the arm of dread, stern justice bar'd.

Of wickedness to blast the hateful way,  
While rising as with heaven's eternal beams  
Sweet virtue shines, with one refulgent blaze  
Of light from rills of uncreated streams.

When wit and genius hand in hand conspire  
To melt the heart with fancied scenes of wo,  
And light the blue-eyed maiden's eyes of fire  
With smiles at folly's false and mirthful show.

The stage the various passions bring to view ;  
The gay seductive charms of vice displays,  
And holds a mirror bright, reflecting true  
The end of vice, and folly's pleasing flow'ry  
ways.

When to black melancholy's gloom a prey,  
Here may the mind find innocent relief,  
And music chase the scowling fiend away,  
With notes of joy and rapture-speaking grief.

Within these walls sweet harmony shall sing,  
And with light feet shall beauty trace the scene ;  
And while the notes soft swell, and piercing ring,  
Shall dance by trees of lovely ever-green.

Lead on, celestial muse, the laughing hours,  
This night begins thy dear, delicious reign,  
May bliss strew round bright, crimson, rosy flow-  
ers,  
And heart-felt joy descend in rich ambrosial  
showers.



The following burlesque address is taken from the New York Evening Post, and is now republished for the amusement of our readers.

### AN ADDRESS

*On the opening of the New Park Theatre, spoken  
by Mr. Oliff.*

Ladies and Gentlemen,

ENLIGHTEN'D as you are, you all must know  
Our playhouse was burnt down, sometime ago,  
Without insurance—'Twas a famous blaze,  
Fine fun for firemen, but dull sport for plays.  
The proudest of our whole dramatic corps  
Such *warm reception* never met before.  
It was a woful night for us and ours ;  
Worse than dry weather to the fields and flowers.  
The evening found us gay as summer's lark,  
Happy as sturgeons in the Tappan sea ;  
The morning—like the dove from Noah's ark,  
As homeless, houseless, innocent as she.  
But—thanks to those who ever have been known  
To love the public interest—when their own ;  
Thanks to the men of talent and of trade,  
Who joy in doing well—when they're well paid,  
Again our fire-worn mansion is rebuilt,  
Inside and outside, neatly carv'd and gilt,  
With best of paint and canvass, lath and plaster,  
The lord bless Beekman and John Jacob Astor.

As an old coat, from Jennings' patent screw,  
 Comes out clean-scour'd and brighter than the new  
 As an old head in Saunders' patent wig  
 Looks wiser than when young and twice as big,  
 As Mat. Van Beuren, in the Senate Hall,  
 Repairs the loss we met in Spencer's fall.  
 As the new constitution will (we're told)  
 e worth at least a dozen of the old—  
 So is our new house better than its brother,  
 Its roof is painted yellower than the other,  
 It is insur'd at three per cent. 'gainst fire,  
 And cost three times as much, and is six inches  
 higher.

'Tis not alone the house—The prompter's clothes  
 Are all quite new—so are the fiddler's bows,  
 The supernumeraries are newly shav'd,  
 New drill'd, and all extremely well behav'd,  
 (They'll each one be allow'd (I stop to mention)  
 The right of suffrage by the new Convention)  
 We've some new thunder, several new plays,  
 And a new splendid carpet of green baize.  
 So that there's nought remains to bid us reach  
 The topmost bough of favour—but a speech—  
 A speech—the prelude to each public meeting,  
 Whether for morals, charity, or eating !  
 A speech—the modern mode of winning hearts,  
 And power, and fame, in politics and arts.

What made the good Monroe our president ?  
 'Twas that through all this blessed land he went

With his immortal cock'd hat and short breeches,  
 Dining wherever ask'd---and making speeches.  
 What, when Missouri stood on her last legs  
 Revived her hopes?-- the speech of Henry Meigs :  
 What proves our country learned, wise and happy ?  
 Mitchell's address to the Phi Beta Kappa.  
 What has convinc'd the world that we have men,  
 First with the sword, the chisel, brush and pen,  
 Shaming all English authors, men or madams ?  
 The Fourth of July speech of Mr. Adams.  
 Yes---If our managers grow great and rich,  
 And players prosper---let them thank my speech,  
 And let the name of Oliff proudly go  
 With Meigs and Adams, Mitchell and Monroe.



The following specimen of an Address made its appearance in the AMERICAN, and has the air of being a joke on the whole concern. As it is not, however, devoid of wit, and is furnished with very grave and learned notes, we have ventured to republish it for the amusement of our gay, and the edification of our classical readers.

Snatch'd from the power of Vulcan's crackling  
 blaze,

The Drama's standard here once more we raise ;  
 And here, of taste and morals (*a*) found a school  
 Of virtue---freed from cant, from form and rule---  
 Where in the tide of thought low care is merg'd,  
 Where Folly's physic'd, and where Vice is purg'd (*b*)  
 Here then Melpomene---oh ! Queen, descend,

(*Taking out a white cambric pocket handkerchief  
 worked with flowers at the corners.*)

Expose thy front—but veil thy latter end.(c)  
 In pity veil—lest too strong passions rise,  
 Surcharge *thy* form, and overflow *our* eyes.  
 Let Niobe all tears, her mantle throw  
 O'er scenes so deep, so damp, so very full of wo.

*(Uses his Handkerchief.)*

And thou, Thalia, (d) with thine airy grace,  
 Thy bounding step, and quickly varying face,  
 In gayest mood some swift steed blithely saddle,  
 And gallop here, or sideways, or astraddle,  
 Like widow Dido on her far fam'd steed (e)  
 Of Tyrian nurture, but Arabian breed,  
 Ere yet with Troy's (f) good chief she reach'd that  
 grot(g)

—But let these ancient scandals be forgot—  
 For in those purer days no strict police  
 Watch'd o'er the dames of Carthage or of Greece,  
 Nor by the jealous laws of stern mankind  
 To the third row were easy nymphs confin'd ;  
 But each frail fair, with equal right might sit,  
 In either row of boxes, or—the pit.

*(Bowing round the house, first to the boxes,  
 then to the pit.)*

(SPRIGHTLY MUSIC.)

Thou too, Momus,  
 With thy brother Comus,  
 Gods of mirth, and song, and glee,  
     Hither,  
     Hither,

Hither,  
Hither flee.—

'Topsy dance, and joyous revel,  
Harlequin and Juan's Devil,  
Slipper'd Pantaloon and Clown,  
Christmas gambols of the town,  
Hither flock,  
For General Brown (*h*)  
Is soon expected from afar,  
In Victory's triumphal car,

(MARTIAL MUSIC)

But soft—

Far o'er yon surge, the wild Atlantic's roar,  
I mark on fiddling Gallia's vine clad shore  
The sad Terpsichore, with tears lament the day  
When Kean from Boston fled, disgraced away ;  
Her favour'd Kean, for dance renown'd, and fence,  
And wild distortion of old Shakspeare's sense.  
Yet more she weeps that New-York ne'er can  
know

The grace of well pois'd limb and pointed toe.  
She weeps that ne'er to us can be reveal'd  
The magic charms of beauties scarce conceal'd ;  
The gliding motion, and the eye askance,  
And all the varied witcheries of dance  
That matchless (*i*) Bigottini shows to happier  
France.

She cannot, cannot, cannot come,  
For hark, the loud equestrian hum,  
With piercing trump and doubling drum,  
With their thick trampling, clattering prance,  
Chase from the stage the affrighted nymphs of  
dance.

'Timour the Tartar, and his troop of horse,  
 'Trot on the scene. before e'en Richard's corse.  
 Montargis' dog, and Annette's rogue magpie,  
 Now make us laugh where Barty made us cry.

(*Loud and continued applause.*)

But stop——

Simpson has said that sixty lines will do——

Ladies and gentlemen, therefore adieu.

### NOTES.

(a) All who have made any proficiency in ethicks metaphysicks, and other good *studies*, know that persons go to the theatre solely for the purpose of improving their morals. *Vide Jeremy Collier Opera tom 2, fol. 92. Ed. Du. Val.*

(b) *Purg'd*. The learned will recollect that Aristotle has pronounced, that the *moral* effect of the drama is produced by the purging of the mind through the operation of fear and pity. *Καταρτισμα.*

(c) Latter end of Melpomene. The Catastrophe—in Greek *χρησασαρι* Aristotle, tom 2 fol. 32. *Ed. Du Val.* All critics concur in recommending that the curtain should be dropped over the disgusting scenes of the catastrophe. Non tamen intus digna—geri promes in scenam—multaque tolles ex occulis. *Hor. Ars. Pæ.*

(d) *Thalia*. Una e Novem musis Comædiæ et Ludicrorum præses a *θῆλυ* viresco, floreo, exhilaror. *Vide 6 Bucol. 2d L. Verg. Delp.*

(e) *Far fam'd Steed*. The fact of Dido's steed, though rais'd in Tyre, being of the true Arabian breed, though not noticed by Servius, Gronovius, Ruzus, Aeyne, Wakefield, or any other commentator, is now ascertained from the pedigree of the Bussorah Arabian, whose descent is distinctly traced from Bulbul—for that was the name of Dido's Steed. *Vide an old Arabic manuscript of Mr. Van Ranst, Penes me.*

(f) *Pink Blossom* *Ward*

(g) *Speluncam eandem, &c. Virg.*

(h) *For general Brown.*—As it is supposed the General will be in town about the time these lines are inserted ; if the General however should not arrive, any other hero whose name will rhyme, or nearly so may be introduced ; if not, the following lines may be substituted ;

For Great De Witt,  
In glorious car does sit.

[*Here the Governor will rise and bow to the house.*]

[*Loud applause from the boxes, hisses from the pit and gallery, company sing the chorus ET HO.*]

(i) *Matchless Bigottini*—The “prima donna” of the dance at the Parisian Opera—The grace, symmetry, perfection and agility of her form and movements, appear to have made a desiderating impression on the mind of the poet—who feelingly laments, that his compatriots of Gotham ne’er shall look upon her.

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FINIS.







**his book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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